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THE LOST DIAMOND,

By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER,

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CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE VISITOR.

Geoffry Maynard occupied a magnificent house in the most aristocratic portion of Belgrave Square, and held bachelor away over its splendors, aided by an experienced housekeeper who had been in charge of the grand establishment in his uncle's time, from whom he had inherited the mansion and great wealth besides.

The elder Maynard had been dead only a year, and the young heir was just beginning to entertain at home, when one cold wintry evening he was interrupted in his billiard room, whither he had retired with a few choice dinner guests to smoke and play, by his servant's announcement:

"A queer looking man wants to see you, sir, on most particular business."

Geoffry changed color, as if the slight description gave him a clue to an unwelcome visitor, and hastily excusing himself to his friends, he descended to the hall, where the footman said the man was waiting.

"I didn't think he was one to show in to any of the apartments, sir," the servant said, "and if he hadn't been so pressing, I would not have troubled you on his account any way, for he's a rough looking customer, sir."

They had reached the first landing on the stairway, and standing directly under the lamp in the hall below, they could see a short man, coarsely dressed, with a shaggy cap drawn close over a low, forbidding brow, and frayed old comforter bundled around the lower part of his face.

He stood in a lounging attitude, with both hands thrust in his pockets, and seemed to take in a comprehensive view of his surroundings with his narrow, cunning eyes.

Mr. Maynard no sooner caught sight of him than his whole manner changed to one of great alarm, if not of abject fear, and he retreated back a pace or two, jostling his servant, who was following him at a respectful distance.

"It—it—it's a beggar, no doubt," muttered his master, in a hurried, trembling voice. "Just bid him step this way into my library—I'll see him there—it may be a case of destitution that I shall feel called on to relieve."

The man knew full well that Mr. Maynard's benevolence was not of an active order, and rather wondered at its being appealed to so suddenly by such an object, but he obeyed at once, and without comment, and the stranger following his direction ascended the stairs briskly, and was shown into the library.

The gentleman who was seated in a high-backed, easy chair before the large table in the centre of the room, did not turn until he heard the door close, and knew that he and his visitor were alone.

Then he swung himself around suddenly, and demanded:

"What in the devil's name brings you here, Matt Brice? I thought I was rid of you for good."

"Yes, I dare say," retorted the man, with something like a snarl; "but I've turned up again, you see, and I've got something to say that you can hear or not, just as you please."

"Something to say to me!" exclaimed Geoffry Maynard, sharply; "say it then, and remember that your presence here is a dangerous experiment that must not be tried long."

"Oh, as for the matter of that," replied the man, with an angry grin, "if you'd rather have me leave, I'm not anxious to stay. My news is worth money elsewhere, and I can make it pay as well, and get more thanks, too."

"What news? Speak out, fellow!" cried Geoffry, starting in his chair and clutching the man's arm. "Say what you mean, and don't play with me; I'm not in a humor for it."

"I ain't no notion of playing, myself. I've had too long a pull in the stone jug for much fun to be left in me," said Matt, bluntly. "You said you thought you'd got rid of me, and I know what you mean. You expected the tip you gave me two years ago was going to make my everlasting fortune, but it didn't. It only made me flush enough to get into trouble, and so I was lagged for eighteen months at hard work, and I've served it out to a day, so no man can't put a finger on me."

"Did you come here to tell me this, and beg for more?" demanded the gentleman, contemptuously.

"No, I didn't," retorted the other, in a tone of anger. "I come because I had something to tell, which I suppose you would like to know. But since you're so hard on a fellow, there's no use for me——"

"Speak out!" exclaimed Mr. Maynard, fiercely.

"Well, then," said Matt, with great deliberation, "I saw a young girl down by Graff's Lane not two hours since that I know'd the minute I clapped my eyes on her to be——"

"Hush!" almost shrieked his companion, starting from his chair and grasping him by both arms. "Do you not know that walls have ears! Never breathe that name in this house, not even in a whisper."

Then, conquering his excitement by a strong effort, he asked, in a quieter tone: "Do you mean Michael Eldrige's daughter Norah?"

Matt Brice raised his small leering eyes to Maynard's face and looked at him with a strange expression, as he nodded several times in reply.

"Where are they?" interrogated Geoffry, breathlessly. "I have sought them in vain, until I became at last convinced that they had left the city, and in that belief I have rested for some months past quite secure."

"They have never stirred from the neighborhood of Graff's, though their loss of money and work has compelled them to move back in the lane in a poor shanty that lets in the wet and cold, so that it is no wonder one of them died the other day."

"Norah!" cried his listener, eagerly; "was it Norah?"

Brice grinned maliciously as he answered:

"No; hunger or cold don't hurt that girl; she looked as beautiful as an angel in spite of her rags, and the blue shivering cold that fanned her. It was the strong man Michael that died; he had been ill for months of a fever, and was out of work nearly a year on account of a row he had with Graff's foreman."

"So he took to drink, of course," suggested Mr. Maynard, with a sneer, "and that soon ended his story."

"Very likely," answered Matt, unconcernedly, "but it is Norah I came to tell you of. I come upon her like a shot today, for I was feeling mighty blue; trade's dull at Mother Webb's, and a fellow just out, without a cent to begin on, is in a bad fix. As soon as I sees the girl, I nearly jumped for joy. 'There is plenty of money to be made out of her,' says I to myself, 'and as Mr. Maynard has always done pretty fair by me, I'll give him the first chance,' says I."

He leered cunningly out of the corners of his eyes at this speech, and waited.

"You were right, quite right," said the other, eagerly, "and I'm glad we understand each other. I have an interest in keeping track of the girl as long as she is above ground; a greater still in ascertaining as soon as I can that there is no further necessity for that interest. Good Heaven, what can these paupers be made of that they can bear hunger, cold and abuse, and even survive deadly illness! This young girl bears a charmed life, it seems; but before I put a value on the tidings you have brought me, I must be assured that it is herself beyond a doubt that you have discovered."

"Why, who else should it be!" exclaimed Brice.

Mr. Maynard looked at him with cold, searching eyes.

"Anybody else that would serve your purpose," he returned, pointedly. "According to your own story you are in no condition to be scrupulous; just out of prison, without a cent in your pocket, and no job of your sort ready to your hand. No, no; I must see the girl and be satisfied myself before I stir a step in the matter."

"All right," assented Brice, with a short laugh. "You're awful cunning, though; he! he! he! Who would think of a gent like you being as sharp; you're smarter than plenty of chaps belonging to the trade."

Without paying any attention to this compliment to his shrewdness, Mr. Maynard put an end to the interview abruptly by saying:

"I have company upstairs now, and cannot stay here any longer. You don't mind waiting outside, I dare say, and can keep this large window at my left in view from the street. When the light is put out you will notice it from that western corner, and in five minutes later I will join you on the lower side of the square."

"All right," returned Brice, with a meaning wink, and thrusting his hand into his pocket again, he lounged out of the room in his usual slow way, casting his eyes about secretly in every direction as he went.

The communication he had made to Mr. Maynard affected that gentleman more than he cared to confess. He did not at once ascend to join his friends in the billiard-room, but remained a few moments in the library, as if schooling his face back into its usually pleasant expression before meeting their view.

Apparently it was not without effort that he accomplished this; he stood by the chair Matt Brice had occupied, pressing its carved back until the figures on it indented themselves deep in his palms, and muttering to himself:

"So nothing will kill the little jade; she has a cat's life, it seems, and is fated to survive everything. Well, well, she must be hunted down, and this skulking villain is safest when kept at work, so I'll give him the job of doing it."

He looked in the great mirror over the chimney-piece, pushed back his hair and smoothed his brow, and then went upstairs to his guests.

Two hours later, when the last one had departed for the night, their host rang for his slippers and dressing-gown to be brought to the library, and told his man that he might retire.

"I shall sit up here and smoke and read for an hour or two, Franz," he said, "and will not need you again tonight."

The valet had no sooner departed than he lowered the lights, drew on a pair of heavy boots and a large cloak he had conveyed there, and putting on a slouch hat, hurried downstairs and out into the cold dark street unseen by any inmate of the house. At the lower side of the square he saw Brice on the watch, and turning down the first cross street leading to the lower part of the city gave him a sign to follow—at his heels.

CHAPTER II.

GRAFF'S LANE.

They were entirely clear of the fashionable neighborhood in which Mr. Maynard resided, and had reached streets occupied by people of the poorer class, when he paused in his quick pace and allowed his follower to join him.

"Now, whereabouts is this Graff's lane that you spoke of," he inquired; "there's the factory over there, and I suppose it's somewhere in that vicinity, isn't it?"

"Yes, captain," responded Matt, in a much more familiar manner than he had yet addressed Mr. Maynard; "that's the place, though you couldn't get to it very easy alone. You see the lane is a narrow sort of alley that winds in and out behind the courts, where the decenter houses are. There's pig-pens and cow-sheds in the lane, and the houses are up at the further end beyond the dirt lot and the duck pond. I'm used to the locality, or I wouldn't feel like going

there on such a dark night, 'cause I might get into a mud hole and spile my appearance, he! he! he!"

"How long have they lived in this swamp?" demanded Maynard.

They had left the main street and plunged into a small by-way bordered on each side with decent tenements; when about half way up this square, Matt had disappeared at an opening between the blocks of houses, motioning his companion to follow, and both then carefully traversed a long court dimly lighted at one end, through which a narrow passage led them into the damp and noisome lane in which Maynard had uttered the last question.

"Ever since Eldrige was driven out of Graff's employ," answered Matt, cautioning the gentleman to keep close to the rails and free of the puddles.

A few wretched sheds, that could scarcely be distinguished from the shelters for beasts that surrounded them, gave evidence in various ways of being inhabited by human beings. One had hats and unsightly rags stuffed in its broken window panes, another had a battered stove pipe issuing from a hole in the wall, and from the wretched casement of the last in the dilapidated row, streamed a faint light athwart the murky darkness of the lane.

"That's the place there," whispered Brice, coming close to Maynard as he spoke; "don't you see the light?"

"Yes, yes. What are they doing with a light at this hour?" asked the other, in the same suppressed tone.

"The mother's sick, awful sick; it was at the dispensary door I saw the girl to-day," replied Brice. "If they'd all been in bed and asleep, what would have been the use of your coming down here at all to-night?"

"True," assented the gentleman, "I had not thought of that; but now how can we see her?"

"Wait a minute where you are, right here in the shadow of this tumble down shed. I'll go and take a squint at the window and come back and give you a chance."

Maynard agreed, and Brice proceeded forward as stealthily as a cat, not making any sound until he reached the window and took a long and apparently satisfactory survey of the occupants of the shanty.

Then he stepped back and waved his hand as a signal for Maynard to advance, which that gentleman at once obeyed, and found himself treading through frozen mud furrows and broken bricks that, despite all his caution, crumbled beneath his boot heels, and delayed his progress.

He was so much taller than his companion that he did not need to mount the battered old stone that served as a step to the dilapidated door; but reaching forward, could easily look in at the uncurtained window, and as far as the miserable light permitted, survey the room and its occupants.

It was neither dirty nor repulsive, but simply bare, and pitifully cheerless.

A ricketty stand and a low bench were the only articles of furniture it contained. A bed of rags was spread in one corner, and on it lay a girl and a woman; the former sound asleep and rolled in a sort of coil for the sake of warmth, the latter stretched, wakeful, and with fever glaring eyes, tossing her head from side to side, and muttering constantly to herself.

She was not unattended. The light stood on the stand close to the hearth where burned a rusty old furnace full of cinders, and between it and the bed cowered a young girl watching the sick woman with sorrowful looks, and keeping her own blue hands from freezing by occasionally spreading them above the wretched fire.

"That's her," whispered Brice, close to Maynard's ear; "she's just as handsome as ever; you can't hide beauty like that, not if you was to cover it with all the rags and dirt in the slums."

Maynard did not respond to this; his eyes were fixed on the unconscious watcher with a wicked glitter in their contracting pupils.

Not a fold of her thin garments escaped him; he marked the soft, golden chestnut of her shining hair, the tender sadness of her magnificent brown eyes, and the too transparent whiteness of her complexion.

She was tall and womanly in figure, and might have been about seventeen, though the gravity of her face gave her an older appearance, yet for all the misery in which she lived, the pinching want and cold she must have known, she did not seem wasted in form, nor entirely broken in spirit.

The woman on the bed was gaunt and ghastly; she was little more than middle-aged, but her hair was bleached with trouble, and her restless hands, that moved in unison with her tossing head, were wasted to skin and bone.

As she pressed her lips together, the young girl bent over her with some water in a bowl.

"Try to swallow a few drops, dear mother," she said, in a clear, sweet tone, which the two men could hear perfectly. "I wish I had anything more strengthening than water for you, dear, but to-morrow I hope I may."

"Is that you, Norah?" asked the sick woman, in a faint, bewildered tone. "Where's your father, and where is Rhoda?"

Norah's eye grew full of tears, and her voice trembled as she answered:

"Rhoda's sleeping a little while; by and by I'm going to lie down, and then she will watch beside you."

"Oh, dear," muttered the sick woman, and she fell back with a groan, "I remember now, your father's gone; gone to a pauper's grave, where I soon shall follow him!"

"Oh, don't speak so," implored the poor young nurse, falling on her knees beside the miserable bed, and tenderly embracing her sick parent. "God will spare you in answer to our prayers, and Rhoda and I will get work, and then everything will be well. Only have a little hope, dear mother."

Maynard turned abruptly away, pushing Brice from his perch on the stone step. At the sound they made, the girl started, and in a moment more crossed the floor and appeared at the door with the light in her hand.

They had barely time to step back under the shelter of the broken shed on the other side, so as to escape the narrow orbit of her poor candle.

She stood looking and listening for a moment or two, and then retired, as if satisfied that the sound she had heard had no reference to their abode. As she closed the door, Brice whispered: "If your plan had been to carry her off, that would have been a rare chance; though she's full of pluck, and might have made some trouble at first."

Maynard turned on him impatiently.

"I have no idea of carrying her off; what could I do with her then, except make trouble for those who did the work. No, I want the girl made way with by natural means; there are scores and hundreds just like her that die of starvation yearly, yet she feels incapable of feeling want. There wasn't a crust to eat in that hole there, yet she appeared well and strong——"

"No, she didn't," interrupted the man at his side, gruffly; "she was white as a ghost; it's nothing but her strong spirit that keeps her up. I'm a pretty hardened case, I'll confess, but I'm blasted if I could keep looking at her long without wanting to sell my old rags and buy her a good supper with whatever they'd fetch."

They had come back by the way they went, and were now issuing from the narrow court at the point where a street lamp hung.

Maynard glanced sharply round at his companion by the aid of its light, and gave a disagreeable laugh.

"You're turning tender-hearted, it seems, Matt," he said; "if so you're scarcely the man I want just now."

"Oh, bother that," cried Matt, in his old manner, and with a coarse laugh; "I'll not trouble you that way again. I'm too hard off now to be particular, and if I hadn't meant to serve you I wouldn't gone to you to-night and done such a precious lot of waiting in the cold. I suppose I could have made a bargain in another quarter, but I'll stick to you. What's your orders, captain?"

"I want that girl hunted down, do you understand; drive her into the river yonder, or out to the prison you left. Stretch her cold and stiff on the bundle of rags she sat beside to-night, and I will not ask you how it was done; only let her own hand do it, and keep the causes secret. How long will you take to accomplish this?"

"How long, captain? Why, that's a hard question, for no man can tell how things will work against him or for him, till he tries. How long will you give me, and what's the pay?" was Matt Brice's answer.

Mr. Maynard remained quiet for a few moments. He walked forward slowly, and seemed to be cogitating—then he said:

"I'll go down to the Slums in my old character three days from now. Be on hand and tell me what you've done in the meantime. You know your work, and must prove to me your readiness and ability to do it before I strike a bargain."

"You're sharp," murmured Matt, half in banter and half in admiration. "Well, but come! you're not going to leave a fellow to live on hope till then, are you? Mother Webb's luck has been mighty low of late, and so the old soul has to look sharp for her own—which makes it hard on me, and sets me all on edge for a job."

His companion slowly and somewhat reluctantly thrust his hand in his pocket.

"I've given you money enough to make you rich, Matt," he said, severely.

"I don't want no sermons," muttered the fellow, angrily. "I spends what I earn, and you keeps whatever you can get hold of—we'd better leave each other alone on that subject."

There was a threatening tone in his voice, and Maynard changed his manner instantly at the sound.

"It's for your own sake I meant to caution you to be less reckless, my good fellow," he hastily rejoined. "Here is all I have with me; it would pay for a respectable living for you for weeks; don't waste it, that's all I ask, and be ready to report to me three days from this."

Without further leave taking, Mr. Maynard left his companion suddenly at a street corner, and hurried away so swiftly that his form was soon lost in the distance, while Matt Brice stood under the light of the street lamp looking after it, and shaking his head.

"I'm blest if I'd like to take your money and be as mean and scary as what you are. Geff Maynard," was his soliloquy, "what's the use of being a devil, if you ain't got spunk to face consequences, and your heart ain't big enough to let you enjoy your money. Here I am, just free of the stone jug, and without a dollar that I don't earn hard, and I could not be such a white-livered, close-fisted villain as that gent, not if I tried."

Much encouraged by the flattering comparison he felt his own moral nature bore to that of his superior in fortune, Mr. Brice buttoned up the money his employer had given him on account, in his pocket, and yawning, proceeded to the "Slums," where Mother Webb's establishment was situated, and went to bed.

CHAPTER III.

"MOLL PATCHEL."

The next morning broke with a chilling snow fall that soon turned into sleet.

Nora Eldrige woke, shivering, from her bench, where she had dropped in unconscious slumber, her head falling forward beside the expiring candle.

She was stiff and ached in every limb, and the cinder fire was entirely out.

The pale gray morning light shone through the small casement, and showed her Rhoda's face pinched and wan with hunger, and her poor mother's fever-wasted features, sunk in a deep repose that at first seemed almost as terrible as the sleep of death.

She was cold and tired, and the bitter stormy weather outside appalled her weakened courage.

"I must go out and try again for work," she thought, "but O, how hopeless and disheartening it seems. Heaven give me strength and hope, I pray!"

She raised her eyes and thoughts above and then putting on her hood and wrapping her thin shawl tightly round her, she went out as noiselessly as she could, hoping that her mother and sister might sleep until her return, and praying with all the fervor of her soul that she might be able to bring them some food with her.

At first she was irresolute in what direction to go, and after reaching the street outside the court and lane, she stood debating within her own mind, and rallying her sinking courage.

A strange-looking girl with a basket almost as large as herself, just then came struggling toward her, bent very much on one side.

She was quite warmly clad, and had large woolen mittens on her hands, but every article she wore had evidently belonged to some other and larger person, and her face was such a queer compound of cunning and combativeness that no one could have helped paying particular attention to her as she went by.

"Who are you looking at, you gaping goose?" she demanded of Norah, running her tongue out and making a hideous face by way of accompaniment to the question. Before Norah could reply or remonstrate, three rough boys chasing each other with whoops and yells, came tearing round the street corner, and dashing against the poor child overturned her and her basket together.

She was up again in an instant, and red in the face and almost breathless with rage, was dashing wildly after her assailants in pursuit of vengeance, when Norah gently restrained her.

"See here, dear, all your food is tossed on the snow; let me help you to replace it," she said, and suiting her action to her words, she stooped down and commenced to gather up half loaves of bread, pieces of cold roasts, carcasses of fowls, and an immense variety of eatables.

The injured girl stood still and looked at her a moment, and then silently aided the task herself.

When it was complete she said sharply:

"Now, do you want to kick it over again? You certainly don't mean to behave kind and good to me, because nobody ever does that. They all say, 'O, there's Moll Patchel, come let's play her a trick;' they think that's prime fun."

"But I don't, Molly, I think it would be very wrong and cruel to abuse or annoy a girl like you, and I did not mean to stare at you either: I'm sorry I made you think so."

"I don't believe you did, now I hear you talk," responded Molly, frankly, "but what was you looking at me for?"

Norah's face grew scarlet, and her voice trembled as she tried to speak; the girl's sharp young eyes looked keenly into hers, and her voice much softened and more kind, asked:

"You ain't in trouble, are you? I mean real trouble, short of victuals and things?"

Molly hooked up her basket into its usual rest on her right hip-joint and said quickly:

"Come on, I'll go home with you."

But Norah hesitated and looked surprised and confused, so she added:

"I'm in the begging line, you know, and I've a regular set of houses I goes to. They know me and I know them, and they never give me nothing that ain't first-rate. I've took a fancy to you, and I'm going to share what's here, if you ain't too proud to take it. Come along."

"O you are very kind and generous, Molly," exclaimed Norah, very deeply touched by the beggar's friendly feeling. "I will confess to you that I longed to know of some place where I too might ask for a little help, because my poor mother is ill, and my sister, too——"

"You don't need to ask for more now," insisted Molly, "because I'm going to share with you. You ain't made for the business, and shan't go into it if I can help it. Come on; I ain't a-going to your house to make your folks uncomfortable staring at 'em. I am only going up this alley where nobody won't see us divide the swag. See, here's a big picture newspaper; you've got to save it for me, for the cook at 20 Belgrave gave it to me to see the pictures, and I'll wrap your things in it now."

So saying she spread it on a clean snow bank and piled it full of bread and meat in a twinkling.

"And now here's two ten cent notes, they belong to me, and I want to lend them, 'cause I'm afraid to keep money round, I'm sort of careless with it. You can get a full bucket of coal at this corner and a bit of kindling thrown in for ten cents, and they make five cents worth of anything else you want there, too."

She talked very fast, and actually forced her gifts on her new friend with such energy and earnestness that she could not resist them.

Norah thought of her famishing mother and sister, and yielded to the strange girl's generosity with mingled eagerness and reluctance.

"But will you not need it for yourself?" she asked, hesitatingly. "Can you spare it to me until I am able to earn it someway to repay you?"

"To be sure I can," said Molly, reassuringly. "I don't want nothing, and if I did I've nearly fifty coppers at home I got one night I pretended I was blind, and ran up and down in front of the theatre begging—only for a bit of fun, you know."

Norah did not by any means understand or approve of her new acquaintance's manner, or the sense of rectitude she displayed, but she was a half starving girl with those at home, whom she loved better than herself, in dreadful need, so she no longer delayed accepting the offered help, but having thanked Molly earnestly for it, told her where she lived, and set out at once for the corner store, where she not only got a full measure of coal and kindling, but the loan of a bucket to carry it in, and a tiny portion of sugar and tea to refresh her poor mother with.

They were still asleep in the shanty when she hurried back with the treasures, and she had got the miserable furnace lighted and burning as cheerfully as it could, when her mother opened her eyes, and viewed the unwonted preparations for a meal with languid astonishment.

"Just wait a minute till I bring you a warm cup of tea, mother, dear," cried Norah, cheerfully. "The water will soon boil, and then I'll put it in to draw, and you will be so much the better for it, I'm sure you will."

Rhoda woke up suddenly and stretched out her thin arms wearily.

"Why you've got a fire, Norah!" she exclaimed, sitting up in astonishment. "I thought the last of the cinders were gone."

"This is fresh coal, Rhoda," Norah returned, with some pride. "I got a bucket full, and we can make it last all day, if we try hard."

"Yes, and you've found something to eat, too, I see, and I'm so hungry," said her sister, eagerly.

She was not so handsome as Norah, yet she had a pleasing face, somewhat dark and full of changeful expressions; though showing in repose more of the marks of want and illness than her sister, the surprise and pleasure awakened in her breast, by the sight of food and fire, made her at once full of hopefulness and good humor.

She sprang up and began aiding Norah in her simple preparations, and an observer could have detected in an instant that she was neither as orderly nor useful as the other, for Norah did all that was to be done, while Rhoda ran round and excited herself about everything.

"I made a friend this morning," said Norah, pouring herself some tea in an old tin cup, after seeing her mother and sister served in the two bowls that formed their store of delf. "A queer sort of girl, but a good-hearted one that I shall not soon forget. I saw her come out of Graff's back gate, and since then I've taken a thought that maybe one of us might get back into the factory if we could only see Mr. Graff himself."

"But that's impossible, Norah," said her mother, faintly, "your poor father tried to get a word with him after Mr. Berrill took such a spite at us all, and he never could get a chance. No, dear, there's no luck for us with Graff or the factory, but if you could only get a place in a family, either of you, you could get money for your work and your own living, too."

"I've rung bells and asked at almost every house in this great city if they wanted a girl," Rhoda said, "but not a soul would give me even a civil answer. That was when I had something to put round me to go out in; now I haven't a rag, and they'd drive me away as a scarecrow."

"Never mind, Rhoda," said Norah, encouragingly, "I'm going to try my luck, as mother calls it. You just make things as tidy as you can; we have a whole pan of hot water here, you see, and I'll start out again, now I'm warm, and have such a good breakfast."

Mrs. Eldrige seemed much brighter and stronger; the chills from which she suffered had left her very cadaverous and weak, but except when the fever was on her she endured but little pain beyond the cravings of want and distress of mind at her helpless and needy condition. This morning she was able to sit up awhile, and Norah left the shanty with renewed hope and much improved spirits owing to poor Molly Patchel's bounty.

She went back to the store to return the coal bucket, and knowing that its proprietors took a small morning paper, she inquired if there were any "places" in it that day.

The woman who had answered this same question for months past, and who felt as much interested in the poor girl as any one can feel in another when the struggle to live occupies all their own energies, answered:

"Yes, there is a place this morning that maybe you can get. Miss Bloomer, the milliner, on Bond street, wants a girl to help; here's the advertisement, I cut it out on purpose for you."

Norah took it and thanked her as she had often done for similar favors, and started off at once to Bond street, where she found Miss Bloomer herself in her shop, and presented herself timidly before her and made application for the place.

The milliner was a large, dressy sort of woman, and her rooms were fitted up with some pretensions to style; therefore, when Norah preferred her request for the position of apprentice and errand girl, she turned upon her with some asperity, and wanted to know why she came in quest of a situation "looking like that."

"You may be a bright enough girl, and quite equal to what I have to do, but I couldn't possibly engage any one dressed in that style. You go home and fix yourself up and then come back and we will talk about it."

This was no new rebuff to Norah, and knowing full well the desperation of her case, she tried to overcome the objection by saying:

"We are very poor just now, ma'am, and as soon as I earned a little money I could get some better clothes——"

"Yes, yes, I dare say, and meantime I'd be obliged to have you round like a fright. No, I thank you; that isn't our style of establishment. Go get your friends to fix you up a little, and you can pay them back for it, when you earn the money."

She turned her back on Norah, and the poor girl feeling there was no appeal from this decision, wandered away dejected, and not knowing how to overcome the insuperable difficulty between her and a decent situation.

There was nothing to go home for, so she kept in the streets, and tried at all likely and unlikely places, even accosting persons whose appearance seemed promising, and putting up that one constant and apparently hopeless petition for employment of any kind.

Some were too much hurried to answer at all; others shook their heads; and one or two stopped, and seemed to cogitate, but finally said, "No; they couldn't think of any place just then."

At last it was nearly nightfall again, and, weary and heart-sick of so many rebuffs, Norah took the direction of home once more, though she had waited until this hour to see Mr. Graff, and it was to his house she was going.

It was a large and stylish one, not far from the street, out of which the court and lane, called from its owner's factory, opened.

Though not in the aristocratic quarter of the city, Mr. Graff's establishment boasted much that was grand and suggestive of wealth, and the shivering girl standing in his tiled vestibule, before the lofty man servant, scarcely knew how to prefer her entreaty for an interview with the great manufacturer.

At last she managed to say that she wanted to speak to Mr. Graff, only for a moment, and would be very grateful if he would allow her to see him, which the waiter, glancing pointedly at her flimsy old garments, promised to repeat to his master.

A pretty girl, very gaily dressed, came down the staircase towards them as the man turned to leave Norah in the outer hall, and, casting her eyes in that direction, she stopped and asked what her business was.

"She wants to see Mr. Graff, Miss Mabel," answered the servant. "I don't believe he has time just now, for dinner is waiting."

The young lady looked at Norah again.

"Business with my father?" she repeated, rather wondering, as it seemed, that such an ill-clad figure should aspire to the honor of an interview with the rich Thomas Graff.

"I want to beg him for work, Miss," said Norah, desperately, throwing herself on the mercy of the manufacturer's daughter. "I am in great need, and, if he does not help me, I have nowhere left to turn to."

Miss Mabel looked surprised and troubled.

"Mr. Berrill is papa's manager," she said. "I know he will send you to him, but, if you want to see my father, I'll take you to him. Come with me."

Her tones were so kind, that hope swelled in Norah's throbbing heart at their sound, and she followed her through the broad hall into the brilliantly lighted parlor, faltering her thanks, and trembling at the prospect of trying her fate, by the strongest appeal she could make to the man whose word could raise her to the pinnacle of hope, or plunge her in despair.

He was a large, bald-headed gentleman, dressed in shining broadcloth, with a large gold chain and seals, with which his fingers worked restlessly when he spoke.

His face was not unkind, but rather absent and perplexed in expression, as if from too great a weight of business care, but at sight of his daughter it brightened into an admiring smile, and the way in which he uttered her name, "Mabel," showed how very dear she was to his heart.

"Here's a poor girl to speak with you, papa," said Mabel, hurriedly. "Please listen to what she has to say, before mamma comes down. She is so opposed to factory business being brought here, you know."

"Yes, yes," Mr. Graff said, looking at his daughter rather than at Norah; "Quite right, my pet, quite right. It is Berrill's business to see to these things, and he is entirely capable and responsible."

Mabel glanced toward Norah warningly, and nodded, as if to say, "Now is your turn," and thus encouraged, the poor girl stepped forward so as to be directly in front of Mr. Graff, and began her petition.

"My father used to be employed in the factory, sir," she said. "He is dead now, and my mother and sister and I are left destitute. All we want is work. I am the strongest, and if you will give me a place of any kind, I'll do my duty, sir, and bless you for the opportunity to save my poor mother from starvation."

The girl's eagerness and excitement of manner affected the manufacturer, but he fell back on his usual plea.

"Berrill is the one to go to, if your father was in good standing in the mills. He will make it all right."

"Mr. Berrill is our enemy. I cannot tell you why, sir," faltered Norah, bursting into tears. "He turned father off, and that was where our trouble began."

A large and gorgeously dressed woman sailed majestically into the parlor at this point, and started back in indignant surprise when she beheld the figure of the strange girl who just then claimed her husband and daughter's attention.

"Until Mr. Berrill was so harsh to poor father," continued Norah, "he was the most steady and industrious of men, and, though we were poor, we got along nicely. Mother sewed, and sent Rhoda and me to school, but after that, everything went wrong."

"Well, really," exclaimed Mrs. Graff, angrily, while Norah, who had not perceived her entrance, started and changed color when she saw her, "this is a new idea, making our parlor a reception room for the complaints of turned-off factory hands. Enough of this. Lawson has disobeyed my express commands in admitting one of these people, and shall hear from me on the subject."

"Mamma, it was I who allowed the poor girl to come in here," interrupted Mabel, timidly. "Please do not blame any one, but pity——"

"My dear, be good enough to retire, and leave these people to your papa's manager. You have nothing whatever to do with such cases. There; I will not hear one other word. I know all about these idle, drunken hands that seem made to give trouble, and get up long stories of wrongs and suffering. Pshaw! Berrill knows his business, and if the family were deserving they would be attended to, and would, no doubt, get places at once. Here, Lawson, show this girl out, and, in future, remember my orders better, if you expect to keep your place here."

Mabel hurried from the room in advance of Norah, and whispered to Lawson as she ran upstairs:

"Tell her to remain outside until I come down again; I have something to give her."

But Mrs. Graff's insulted pride and ruffled feelings were not under the control of personal dignity, and after instructing Lawson to see Norah out, she took the office on herself as an outlet to her indignation.

"This is a gentleman's residence, not a mill office," she repeated, in lofty wrath, as she followed the poor girl's retreating figure. "But the impudence of your class is boundless, and your coming here with a long story of your own fabrication is just like the idle, shiftless set poor Mr. Berrill is so troubled with in the factory. There, Lawson, close the door, and now let that be the last affair of the kind we shall be subjected to."

The man had no opportunity, under his mistress' sharp and indignant eye, to whisper Miss Mabel's message, and Norah was shut out in the bleak night, with a drift of falling snow beating in her face, and despair and hopelessness settling heavily on her poor young heart.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WATCH.

As she turned the corner leading down towards her own miserable abode, Norah's bent head and shivering figure struck against some one walking briskly from an opposite direction.

"I beg your pardon," said she, breathlessly, being rather shaken by the sharp contact, "I thought you were turning the other way, sir."

"It is I who should ask your forgiveness," said a full, pleasant-sounding voice.

And the stranger, throwing back his cloak, revealed by the lamp light near which they stood, a handsome face and form belonging to a man of something over thirty, though he looked younger.

He had put out both arms to steady her as she stumbled, and his touch and manner were both respectful and kind.

She shrunk away timidly, and was about to murmur something further in the way of an excuse, when a short, dark-looking man, with his hands in his pockets, came suddenly towards them out of the darkness, and driving the frightened girl rudely against the gentleman, almost stunning them both with the unlooked-for force of the collision, rushed off in an opposite direction, and was out of sight before either party had fully recovered their breath.

"I am robbed!" was the first exclamation of the stranger, clapping his hand on his watch pocket, and looking after the retreating figure of his assailant. "That man struck against us for that sole purpose, and now he has escaped."

The cry for "police!" was half uttered by the indignant speaker, when he checked himself, and placed his hand gravely and kindly on Norah's arm.

"My poor girl, are you a party to this trick?" he asked, sadly, and yet very gently. "Do not fear to confess it to me, if you are, for I promise you truly that I will be your friend, and help you to a better way of living, if you will let me."

Norah was weak with hunger and fatigue to begin with, and her interview at Mr. Graff's had dashed her last faint hope to the ground, and greatly shaken her failing strength of mind and body. This last alarming encounter completely terrified her, and not pausing to weigh the stranger's words, but only receiving the idea that a theft had been committed, and she was in danger of being accused of it, she struggled hard to free herself from the gentleman's hold, crying, in a suppressed tone:

"Let me go! Let me go, I implore you. I have a sick mother and sister at home, and for their sakes I entreat you do not detain me."

"Poor girl!" said the gentleman, sadly, as he relaxed his grasp and fell back a step or two. "Heaven knows I am the last to condemn your act or judge your temptation, but I should gladly help you if you would only speak the truth."

Not stopping to reply, or even to take in the meaning of his words, the terrified Norah had no sooner writhed herself free of his hold than she sped off towards Graff's Lane, never pausing till she found herself in the safety of its protecting gloom and darkness.

There was no light in the shanty window, no fire in the old furnace. She peeped in at the low pane before she could find courage to open the door, and saw Rhoda sitting on the rags in the corner as if waiting for her.

"Oh, how late you are," cried her mother's faint voice from the miserable bed, as she entered the room. "Rhoda and I have been worrying about you, Norah, dear, and a minute ago I fell into a doze and had such a good dream about you, that I can't help hoping you've had some luck, dear."

"Not much, mother; but to-morrow may be a better day," Norah replied, trying to hide her despondence as well as she could. "Anyhow, I'm so tired to-night that even the cold can't keep me awake, and when I've had a good sleep I shall feel better than I do now."

Rhoda raised herself, shiveringly, and offered her place to her sister.

"It was such a long, long day without you," she said, "the coal lasted till an hour ago, and it isn't so very cold yet. We had the rest of the tea when we saw the fire was going out, and we tried to keep a bowl warm for you, but I'm afraid the heat is all gone now."

Norah sank down beside her mother.

"I must rest now," she said, wearily; "I feel faint and dizzy, and everything seems to go round with me."

"Drink your tea, dear," said her mother, putting her arm round the poor girl tenderly; "you're just worn out, and no wonder. Rhoda says she will go out to-morrow, and can rest, and we'll try to keep warm together. But what's this in your pocket?"

Her hand had fallen unconsciously on some object concealed in her daughter's dress, and her tone indicated surprise, and even some alarm, at the discovery.

"It must be a watch!" she exclaimed, drawing it forth. "O, Norah, how did you come by such a thing, my poor, dear child; tell me, I beg of you?"

The room was too dark for Mrs. Eldrige to examine what she held in her hand by the aid of her sight; but its shape, size, and the chain and seal attached, convinced her that it must be a watch, and a valuable one, too. Such an article in her daughter's possession might well fill her mind with alarm—and Norah's silence increased the feeling until it became almost unbearable.

"Where did you find it, Norah; tell me, for mercy's sake?" she entreated.

"How can I tell you, mother?" replied the poor girl, whose own astonishment had rendered her speechless. "I'm sure I cannot possibly imagine—yes, wait, let me see."

She paused, and thought deeply for a moment or two, and then exclaimed:

"Yes; it must have been the gentleman's—that man with his hands in his pockets that ran against us—must have dropped it there."

"Dropped it there!" cried her sister; "a man with his hands in his pockets drop a watch in your's! Oh, Norah, what can you mean!"

"Norah," said her mother, solemnly, "you know that rather than see you or your sister do a wrong act, I'd lay you both cheerfully in your coffins, much as I love you; so don't torture me, dear, but let me know the truth about it, as soon as you can utter it."

"Let me think," said Norah, confusedly; "it seems like a dream to me, I was so much frightened, and it all happened so suddenly. But I will tell you from the beginning, as I meant to do at first," and, commencing with her visit to Mr. Graff, she detailed such circumstances that had occurred until she reached home that evening.

"The short, dark man meant to steal it," cried Rhoda, decidedly; "he took it from the gentleman, and then dropped it in your pocket by mistake."

"No," said Norah, thoughtfully, "that could scarcely be; he must have had some object in putting it there, though I cannot understand it at all."

"I shall never know peace again while you are out of my sight," said Mrs. Eldrige, in great distress. "And what in the world shall we do with this watch; it will be sure to get us into trouble if we don't get rid of it right away."

"If it's gold it must be worth a good deal of money," said Rhoda, as if speaking to herself.

"It's worth is nothing to us, one way or another," said her mother, sharply.

"No, I suppose not," said the girl, in a bitter tone; "nothing is anything to us except want and cold and disappointment, but if Norah and I had half the worth of this watch to buy ourselves decent clothes with, we could go out and get decent places where we could work and take care of you, instead of lying starving here."

"But it is not ours, Rhoda," Norah said in a firm, quiet tone; "mother is right. It is better for us to die in misery than to seek life through dishonest means. I'll take this watch to the station-house to-morrow, and they will find the owner of it for us."

"But they may not believe what you tell them about finding it in your pocket," said Rhoda.

"That is true," replied Norah, thoughtfully, "and I cannot blame them for doubting what appears so very improbable, but what else can I tell them:

that is the real truth for all it seems so strange."

Mrs. Eldrige remained silent; she was naturally a very timid woman, and her fears were aroused by the mystery of the occurrence.

"Who could have a spite against an innocent girl like Norah?" she thought; "who could want to bring her into trouble?"

Michael Eldrige had been a kind-hearted fellow, far too generous and obliging for his own worldly good, and his wife could not imagine an enemy of his trying to injure his defenceless child.

"Except Mr. Berrill, there never was any one that I know of who had a dislike against your poor father," she said, following out the theme of her thoughts, "and you are too young and inoffensive, Norah, to have any one cherish ill-will towards you on your own account. I cannot understand this business."

"Don't let us think any more about it, then, until to-morrow morning," said Norah, wearily. "I am tired enough to sleep, in spite of the cold or anything else. The tea is very good, and so is the piece of bread that you saved me; but it seems as if I could not hold up my head to eat or drink, I am so very, very weary."

She wrapped her shawl round her, and dropped down where she sat, while Rhoda gathered all the covering her mother could spare, and put it over her to keep her warm.

"I can creep in at the foot," said the generous girl; "Norah let me sleep all last night in the warm place, and sat up in the cold herself, poor dear."

CHAPTER V.

THE POLICE STATION.

When Norah sprang up, rested and refreshed, and began to brush the bare floor and tidy the miserable room in which her mother and sister still slept, a light knock came to the door.

She was washing her face and hands in the ice cold water she had brought in from a barrel at the back of the shanty, and stopping to dry them before answering the unusual summons, it was repeated.

To her surprise, Molly Patchel, the girl she had encountered the morning before, and to whose friendly generosity she owed the sole food of the family for the day, stood on the threshold with a large paper in her hands.

"For you," she said, dropping it in Norah's arms. "I baked 'em myself in the ashes, and they're good and hot."

Whatever they were, Norah was already aware of their warmth by feeling, and waiting for neither thanks nor explanation, Molly grinned and ran away, leaving her new friend to discover a dozen hot, nicely-roasted potatoes, that the kind-hearted but rough-mannered girl had prepared for their breakfast.

She was more grateful than she could express, and her naturally hopeful, courageous spirit revived as she knew her mother and sister were sure of food for at least one day more.

She had almost forgotten the occasion of her alarm and excitement the night before, but while Rhoda—who had just awoke—was preparing for breakfast, she took out the watch and examined it carefully.

"GEORGE BLAND," was engraved on the inner case, and it was a heavy gold timepiece, evidently of great value.

"Just as soon as I have eaten, I'll start out with it, mother," she said, recurring to her resolution of the night before. "I know the way to the chief officer's room, and I'll go in there, and say just all I know about it."

Mrs. Eldrige looked uneasy, and seemed to fear some pending calamity.

"I wish Rhoda could go with you," she said; "they may think you know more about it than you care to tell them; and they may keep you."

"I am not the least bit afraid," said Norah, laughing. "They must believe me, because I will tell only the exact truth."

She put on her hood, and tried to look as tidy as her poor robes would admit.

"Who knows but I may find something to-day; I feel as if there was a good time coming for us all, so cheer up, dear mother, and Rhoda, and wish me good fortune."

"You said I might have the hood, and try if I couldn't get a place to-day," her sister said.

"You could not take the watch, you know," Norah said; "besides I feel as if our ill fortune must change soon, and I hope and pray it may do so to-day."

Rhoda stood a moment at the door looking after her as she went down the street; but cold as it was inside, it was still colder in the street, and she ran in, shivering, and shut the door.

As long as she had remained in view, a short, dark complexioned man, with a slouching air, who stood in the shadow of the old shed next door, kept himself out of view, but as soon as he found the coast clear, he started after Norah, and dogged her steps determinedly.

He had a hard, cunning face, with little keen, close-set eyes, and a lowering brow above them. His nose had been broken, and a great scar traversing his upper lip gave his face a sinister expression, besides which he had an almost ferocious habit of drawing his brows threateningly together, and compressing his lips until they lost color.

This feat he performed in a forcible manner when he saw the object of his pursuit avoid all the cross streets where the pawnbrokers and second-hand shops were, and keep steadily on, as if she had a definite object in view.

"What can the young imp be up to!" he thought, excitedly; "if she acts like a sensible girl and sells the ticker, the money will do her family good, and I can have her bagged for a year or two where she will be comfortable, and the captain will come down handsome for the commitment. When she gets out again she will never trouble him; for after a woman's once been in prison, she's safe to go to the devil with dispatch; there's no go back for her after that. Pshaw, why can't the girl hurry up and get the job done; I'm tired dodging round after her."

At that instant she reached the door of the police station, and turning, went in.

Her unseen escort gave an ejaculation of angry surprise at the act, and did not wait to see its sequel then; the neighborhood seemed unpleasant to him, and he stole swiftly and uneasily away, while Norah, totally unconscious of his presence, went in.

A large man, with a smooth, florid face, and gray hair and moustache, stood writing at a tall desk, with a glazed cap on.

After looking nervously around on all sides, Norah approached and addressed herself to this person, producing the watch as she did so.

She was naturally modest and retiring; necessity alone had given her courage to meet the world, and now when she tried to tell the odd story of her finding the timepiece, she faltered almost unintelligibly for a moment or two.

"There, don't be frightened," said the man, kindly. "Sit down, take breath, and begin over again."

He pushed back his glazed cap and smiled reassuringly at her, while she obeyed, and commanding herself related as succinctly as possible her adventure with the strange gentleman and the rough fellow who had jostled her on the street corner in passing.

When she told her discovery of the watch in her pocket, the officer coughed slightly and looked serious, but taking it from her hand he examined it without making any remark.

At length he said:

"I think I know the gentleman who owns this, and may as well tell you that it will be necessary for you to remain here until he substantiates your story. Step in here, please; it is warm and quiet, and you can stay undisturbed until I send to his house, which is near by."

He closed the door upon her as soon as she entered the little room he indicated, and to her terror she heard him turn the key in the other side.

She looked all around; it contained only the chair on which she sat, a stationary bench extending along one side of the wall, and a high grated window on one side.

What could it mean; did the officer suspect her of stealing; and what would the gentleman say, whose kind tones rather than words she now recalled, having been too much disturbed to pay particular attention to them.

Nearly an hour passed; she heard the coming and going of feet outside, and her heart beat faint with undefined fears; she tried to reason with her alarm and find courage in the consciousness of innocence, but her surroundings overpowered her judgment.

"I am a prisoner," she kept thinking, and her very blood chilled at the thought.

It seemed an eternity to her before the door unclosed again, and the officer said still very kindly:

"Mr. Bland was not at his house, and we have sent to his place of business. Don't fret, my girl; if the matter is all right, you have no occasion for any fear, and may be the gent will give you a reward, which wouldn't come amiss."

He glanced at her miserable clothes as he said this, and turned the register though the little room was already quite warm; then he went out again, and hour after hour went by and the poor young prisoner walked about her narrow compartment, nearly distracted with nameless fears for herself and those she left at home.

At last, when exhaustion and distress had reduced her almost to desperation, somebody came. It was not the one who had talked with her before, but a younger and sharper man, who said:

"Well now, and what have you got to say for yourself?"

Nothing it appeared but an uncontrollable burst of tears that the poor girl in vain tried to suppress, and at which her questioner evinced decided impatience.

"The officer on duty this morning was called out unexpectedly," said he, "and left a note on the desk here about you, that I didn't get till this minute. Now let me see, you're to be confronted with the owner of this watch, and he has left town early this morning to be gone a week. Repeat the story of your finding it to me, will you?"

He drew a written paper towards him as he said this, and perused it, while Norah, trembling and sick at heart, related the incident once more.

"Humph, doesn't vary in a syllable," muttered the man to himself, and then spreading another paper before him, he asked her name, residence, employment, etc., putting down her answers until he came to the last, when he looked up with the pen in his hand and said:

"Nothing to do, and poor, that's against you;" and seemed to consider, but finally concluded to let her go.

"Some of our men will look you up if there's anything further about this; the gentleman's being absent for the coming week makes it awkward about keeping you on hand till the article is restored to him. I hope it's all right on your account, and now I would advise you as a friend to get yourself something to do as soon as you can. Idle folks are apt to get into scrapes, you know."

He dismissed her with these words, and she scarcely waited to thank him for the permission to leave before she was gone.

Once more in the cold street she breathed freely, but the anxiety and fear she had undergone, united with her long privation and distress of mind, took away her strength and hope and rendered her miserable beyond all expression.

"I may as well go home and tell them we must all lie down and die together," she thought, desperately. "What is the good of striving any longer. No living being will help us and heaven does not hear our prayers."

Her slow steps kept pace with her dejected mood and her feet took her listlessly forward she knew not in which direction, nor was she aware that the same short, ill-looking fellow, who had dogged her footsteps in the morning, was again on her track.

She stood still at the tempting window of a fine confectionery establishment, and looked in at the pyramids of richly ornamented cakes, and the glittering display of fruits and candy. But such dainties were as far out of her reach as the sun over her head; she was fainting for want of bread, and she turned away with a shivering sigh.

Her nature was too unselfish to consider her own need; it was for her mother and Rhoda she grieved—her own cold form and hungry yearnings were secondary to them; if they could have been satisfied she would be content to suffer.

She stopped again, and this time it was in front of a fancy dry goods establishment with a large outside display of goods. Piles of dress materials stood on packing boxes round the door, and shawls and all variety of wrappings hung from above them, embellished with price marks and ejaculatory adjectives praising their quality and cheapness.

It was wearing late, the short afternoon already gave place to twilight, and the man who followed in her track approached for the first time and stood close beside her.

She seemed benumbed by cold and wretchedness, for she stood like one in a dream, looking wistfully at the warm woolen shawls and fur-topped gloves hanging round her as if with no definite idea of what next to do.

"A smart girl like you might easily earn five or ten dollars in as many minutes," said the man, in an insinuating whisper close to her ear.

"How?" she cried eagerly, apparently more interested in the man's words than surprised at his addressing her.

He winked knowingly, pointed to the exposed dry goods, and then made the motion of stowing them away secretly under his coat.

"Come, I'll help you, and show you how to cut before you can possibly be nabbed. There's a place handy that will do the fair thing in buying what you prig. Start in, and earn a good supper and a good fire for the poor souls that's shivering and starving at home!"

Norah looked at him with dilating eyes, as if she beheld the form of the evil one himself; and shrunk away with a half uttered cry of terror and aversion as he drew nearer still.

"Don't be a fool and starve when there's a chance like this to live and be comfortable," continued he, grasping her arm as he spoke.

She wrenched herself free of his clutch, and turning fled as if from the presence of a demon, never stopping to look behind her or take breath until she had reached the protection of a long marble colonnade fronting a block of handsome residences on a fashionable street, some squares north of where she had stood.

Here she sank down panting and strengthless, and leaned her throbbing head upon her knees.

The man who had addressed her had at first made a movement as if to pursue her, but a hand on his shoulder restrained him, and a much taller man, as roughly dressed as himself, accosted him in a low but stern tone.

"You've scared the girl and made a fool of yourself; do you always manage your business as well as this, Matt?"

"What, captain, is it you?" cried the man, after a long surprised stare. "Well I'm blest if I'd knowed you if it hadn't been for your voice. You're a good one at disguises, you are, you understand the business, you do."

"Never mind me," returned the captain, gruffly; "it seems I need understand something when I have a botcher for a tool. Why did you frighten the girl, and let her escape you?"

"I'd have frightened her still worse if I'd tried to hold her," answered Matt. "Come, come, don't be too hard on me. I'm doing my best, and would have had the game all my own way but for the girl's pluck. Look here, last night I had a chance that I couldn't have made for myself if I'd tried. I hooked a ticker from a swell and dropped it in the girl's pocket. I thought it was a sure trick, and was on hand early to track her to the pawn shop with it; but what does she do, but takes it to the police-station, and gives it up to be returned to the owner, while the whole lot of 'em's just at the last gasp through cold and starvation!"

Matt Brice uttered a contemptuous ejaculation as he said this, and his companion knitted his brows and rubbed his chin in a troubled manner as he listened.

"I didn't expect to succeed to-night; but there's got to be a beginning to everything, you know," continued Matt; "and the girl can't hold out, she's too weak now to stand on her feet, she's only living on her courage, and that won't last much longer."

"Do you think your best plan is to make a thief of her?" asked the other, doubtfully.

"Of course 'tis. If you want her hunted down till she jumps into the river, I ain't your man. I'd rather run the risk of telling some pious cove the truth, and *getting the girl her rights, if I was to be nabbed for it myself.* But if you're willing to take my way, I'll carry it out and manage the job for you as cheap as I can. I'm bound to drive her to prigging, another week will bring her to it sure; then I'll blow on her, and have her lagged for a while. I'll make it comfortable for her in prison out of my own pocket, and when she comes out she'll come down into the Slums, just as natural as ducks take to water. Then I'll have her under my own care, and no trouble, don't you see?"

The captain watched Matt gloomily as he spoke, and seemed in his own noncommittal way to assent to the wisdom of his plan.

"How long is this going to take?" he inquired.

"Why you see, Mr. Maynard," began Matt, but the other grasped his arm like a vice.

"Drop that name," he hissed through his angry lips. "Are you a fool, that you stick that name and this dress together?"

"Don't break my arm, captain," remonstrated Matt. "I'll be hanged if you ain't got iron fingers. It was a slip of the tongue, but I'll look sharp next time; and now as to how long it'll take to bring that girl to her work, it depends on a good many things, and I won't be strapped to a day or an hour."

"You were to report to me to-morrow, you know," said the other.

"Yes; and I should have told you what you've found out for yourself, and something more that you may as well hear to-night. Look here, captain, who do you suppose the swell was that I hooked the watch from? By —— it about took the breath out of me when I saw his face and recognized him. Guess who?"

"How should I know, how should I care?" replied the captain, frowning.

Matt raised himself on tip-toe and whispered in his companion's ear.

"George Tyrrell."

At the utterance of the name Maynard's lack of interest vanished, and his whole face flushed a deep scarlet. He tried to hide his emotion from his companion, but it was too late, for Matt laughed knowingly.

"Ah," said he, "I thought you'd call that news worth hearing. Yes; the fellow's here, living like a born swell, and backed by plenty of money, wherever he got it from!"

"Under his own name?" demanded Maynard, breathlessly.

"No, I believe you; he's too smart for that."

"And this girl and George Tyrrell came in contact," he muttered to himself in a low tone, and seemed overcome with the thought.

"Yes, Brice, your plan's good, carry it out," he said at length, rousing himself from his revery. "I must be gone; but do you follow the girl, and lose no time, lose no time!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACETIÆ.

THE man who wears an eye-glass on one eye must needs part his hair in the middle to balance his head.

HE was bound to be accurate, and he described the woman's costume thus: "She wore an elegant suit of something or other, cut bias and trimmed endwise."

WOMAN'S PRUDENCE.—She fanned herself with her handkerchief as she sat down on the stool in front of the soda fountain, and as the clerk was drawing the syrup she turned to her daughter, a girl of fifteen, and remarked:

"Now, Mary, be careful. Don't gulp it down at three swallows and get exploded all to pieces by the gas, but sip, sip, and don't run any risks."

UMBRELLA HONESTY.—During the rain the other day a party stepped into Merrill's grocery and asked for the loan of an umbrella. He was promptly accommodated.

"You're a pretty obliging man," observed a customer, after the stranger stepped out.

"That's a mighty honest fellow," claimed Mr. Merrills. "An honester or more generous man you won't find in a day's travel. He has got a number of umbrellas of me, but he always brings back a better one in return. He changes 'em somehow, but how I don't know, and I don't care. I see he's honest, and that's all I care about it."

"THOMAS, my son, I presume you attended services this morning?"

"Yes, 'um."

"And I suppose you remember what you heard?"

"Yes, 'um."

"Well, my son, what did you hear?"

"Why, I heard that Mrs. Stukkup gets her dresses in Paris; that Mr. Sims stole all the money he has; that Mabel Lee's bonnet is not a new one, but only last year's made over; that Jenny Wilson carries on shamefully with that Jolly boy; and that Deacon Schramm is going to flinders because his new wife is so extravagant."

"Dear me! Dear me! How religion has advanced since I was a girl!" said my kind old grandmother, as she quietly folded her knitting and looked out of the window.

HOW HE WAS TEMPTED.—A member of the colored church was, the other evening, conversing earnestly with an acquaintance, and seeking to have him change into better paths, but the friend said that he was too often tempted to permit him to become a Christian.

"Whar's yer backbone, dat ye can't rose up and stand temptation?" exclaimed the good man. "I was dat way myself once. Right in dis yere town I had a chance to steal a pa'r o' boots—mighty fine one, too. Nobody was dar to see me, and I reached out my hand and de debbel said 'take 'em.' Den a good sperit whispered fur me to let dem boots alone."

"An' you didn't take 'em?"

"No, sah—not much. I took a pa'r o' cheap shoes off de shelf, an' I left dem boots alone!"

"JUST AS LIEF!"—Shortly after the dinner bell rang, he came up the walk, laid down upon the steps, and put his head in at the dining-room door.

"Mizz——, mother says won't you please to give her a good platefull of your nice soup for dinner, and lend me your little tin bucket to fetch it home in, and she's not feelin' powerful well, any how to-day."

"Bud, will you please go back and ask your ma if she wants her soup highly seasoned, and crackers broken up in it, and celery salt shook in, and a silver spoon with her full name engraved on it thrown in?" replied the lady of the house.

"Bud" left in double-quick time, and soon he was back in position.

"Mizz——, mother says she believes, as it taint much trouble to you, she just as lief as not."

The old lady got the soup in the tin bucket unseasoned with further sarcasm.

COLLECTING A BILL.—Mr. Merrils was out collecting, Friday. He drove up to the house of a debtor in the suburbs, and hitching his team, knocked at the door. The debtor's wife answered the summons.

"Is your husband at home?"

"What's wantin'?" she asked.

"I want to get some potatoes."

"Yes, he's to home: he's round back of the house," and she preceded Mr. Merrils around there. But the debtor was not in sight.

"Why, where's your pa?" she asked of a little son.

"He's just jumped over the fence and went through the corn," answered the little boy, on whom the father's active movement had apparently made a favorable impression.

"I say he hain't," protested the mother; "he was here just this instant."

"Yes he did, too, I tell ye," cried the child. "See, ma (running to the fence), "he went right over here, and there are his tracks over there. By crackey! but didn't he scoot through that corn, though!" and the appreciative scion grinned the whole width of his face.

Mr. Merrils climbed into his wagon and drove thoughtfully back to the store.

A GENTLEMAN about to pass into one of our stores with two ladies the other evening, found he had a freshly lighted cigar to dispose of. There was a pleasant looking young lad near the door, and he asked him to hold the weed until he returned. When the gentleman came out he was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he gave him five cents, and asked him:

"Don't you smoke?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Why is it you didn't make off with the cigar, then? Many boys would have done it," said the gratified gentleman.

"I don't know about that," said the youngster. "He must be a pretty hard pushed boy, who'd run away with a cigar like that."

THE RUDIMENTS OF INFLATION.—"Say, Bill, what's dat all 'bout in de papahs 'bout 'flashun ob de scurrency, an' wat'l be de 'feck on shinin'."

"Flashun! Ain't you bin readin' well's me in de papahs?"

"Well, I donno; I don't zackly misremembah how it is."

"You fool nigah can't 'stand nuthing. It's jes dis: Dar's sum 'er dem fellers dat wants ter get dar boots shined twice wid one ten cent dime; and agin, dar's sum wat tinks it ain't jestis. Dem fus ones is flashunists, and de udder ones is —"disflashunists."

"Dat's it, jest it, an' I don't bleeve in flashun t'all; dat's it, de hole subjeck."

ENGLAND'S WAR STRENGTH.

In the army estimates for the present year, as brought before the House of Commons on March 8th, we are shown on paper that England has at the present moment an army of 106,278 men, with 372 guns, exclusive of those on colonial duty. Of the former, according to the same authority, there are 43,730 rank and file of infantry with their regiments, and 7,100 with the brigade depots. But after subtracting the lads under twenty year of age, who cannot be considered, from their youth, as fit for hard work in the field, and who in any other country in Europe would be put under the head of "conscripts" or recruits, and after deducting for sick, prisoners, men wanting to complete, and—what is a very large item, indeed, at the present day—deserters, the number of effective bayonets in England dwindles down to 30,272. In other words, she could place in line a force about one-fourth less than a single German army corps, of which that country has, besides all its reserves, no less than sixteen at the present day. If we turn to the cavalry, a still greater contrast presents itself. Exclusive of the mounted regiments serving in India, there are seventeen corps, or, including the three regiments of household troops, twenty regiments serving in the United Kingdom. Of these few, if any, could bring into the field more than 250 effective men and horses. This would give a total of 5,000 cavalry, scattered over England and Ireland, or some 900 short of what is to be found in each German army corps. The most serious deficiency in these days, when battles are won by those who have the most effective and quickest served artillery, is the paucity of the number of guns England could take into the field. In the army estimates we are told that she has 372 pieces of field artillery. But Lord Elcho, proved beyond doubt that, as there is no artillery reserve—the war strength of a foot battery is 204 men and 184 horses, and that of a horse battery is 192 men and 192 horses, not more than 120 guns could be taken into the field. Thus, supposing that the whole kingdom is drained of every effective soldier, to commence a campaign abroad, or to defend the shores of England, Ireland and Scotland, a force of, say 4,250 cavalry, 30,272 infantry, and 120 guns is all that is actually available; or, as we said before, an army just about equal in numbers to one of the sixteen army corps into which the land forces of Germany are at this moment divided. Many persons in England have a sort of hazy, undefined idea that there exists somewhere or other a body of men called the army reserves, and that when, if ever, the day of trouble comes upon them, they should only have to draw upon these reserves, as a wealthy man might do on the unemployed funds at his banker's, and thus the strength of the regiments would thenceforth be more than sufficient to compete with any known enemy. But when we come to facts, matters look somewhat different. The army reserves, setting aside pensioners, number on paper little more than 7,000 men, and of these it is well known in the service that more than one-half, if wanted for duty, would be returned as not forthcoming. As for the militia, the men have, no doubt, in them the making of excellent soldiers, but they have as yet neither the physical stamina nor the training to take the field in a campaign, and it would require at least eight or ten months continual drill and barrack discipline to make them more hurtful to their enemies than they would now be to their friends.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE practice of waiting until grass is thoroughly ripe before cutting, and after cutting allowing it to remain in the field until the little juice that is left is dried out before it is put into the stack or bale, is simply a relic of agricultural barbarism. The system of hay-making was evidently founded on the mistaken notion that more growth was secured by allowing the grass to stand until it was thoroughly ripened, and from a fear that it would heat and mold if put away before being thoroughly dry; but the first supposition is now proven to be false, and the fears in regard to the latter point have vanished before the light of experience.

THE AGE OF A HORSE.—Perhaps the following directions go rather more into detail than necessary for general use, but they are in the main correct. Even the most experienced experts, if they are honest, profess only to fix a horse's age approximately. The following rules must, therefore, be taken with due allowance for variation in individuals:

"The colt is born with twelve grinders. When four front teeth have made their appearance, the colt is twelve days old; and when the next four come forth, it is four weeks old. When the corn teeth appear, the colt is eight months old, and when the latter have attained the height of the front teeth, it is one year old.

"The two years' colt has the kernel—the dark substance in the middle of the tooth's crown—ground out of all the front teeth.

"In the third year the middle front teeth are being shifted, and when three years old these are substituted for the horse teeth. The next four teeth are shifted in the fourth year, and the corner teeth in the fifth.

"At six years the kernel is worn out of the middle front teeth, and the bridle teeth have now attained to their full growth.

"At seven years a hook has been formed on the corner teeth of the upper jaw; the kernel of the teeth next at the middle fronts is worn out, and the bridle teeth begin to wear off.

"At eight years of age the kernel is worn out of all the lower front teeth, and begins to decrease in the middle upper fronts.

"In the ninth year the kernel has wholly disappeared from the upper middle front teeth, the hook on the corner tooth has increased in size as the bridle teeth lose their points.

"In the tenth year the kernel has worn out of the teeth next to the middle fronts of the upper jaw; and in the eleventh year the kernel has entirely vanished from the corner teeth of the same jaw.

"At twelve years old, the crowns of all the front teeth in the lower jaw have become triangular, and the bridle teeth are much worn down. As the horse advances in age, the gums shrink away from the teeth, which consequently receive a long, narrow appearance, and their kernels have metamorphosed into a darkish point; numerous gray hairs appear in the forehead."

RECEIPTS.

KEROSENE and powdered lime, whiting, or wood ashes will scour tins with the least labor.

TO PREVENT moths in carpets, wash the floor, before laying them, with spirits of turpentine or benzine.

SPRIGS of wintergreen or ground ivy will drive away red ants; branches of wormwood will serve the same purpose for black ants.

A TEASPOONFUL of powdered borax dissolved in a quart of tepid water is good for cleaning old black dresses of silk, cashmere or alpaca.

IT is said that silk which has become wrinkled may be made to appear like new by sponging the surface with a weak solution of gum arabic or white glue, and ironing on the wrong side.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM THE HANDS.—Four drops sulphuric acid in a quart of rain water will remove fruit, dye-stains or stove-blacking from the hands. Be careful not to drop acid on clothing.

TO CLEAN CARVED FURNITURE.—Apply a paint brush dipped in kerosene oil. It will remove all dust from nooks, make the furniture look like new, and the smell disappears in an hour if the windows are open.

RE-SILVERING PLATED GOODS.—Dissolve nitrate of silver or lunar caustic in water, add common salt to the solution, collect and well-wash the white powder which falls down, and which is the chloride of silver. Dissolve this in a solution of hyposulphate of soda.

TO REline A STOVE.—Ten cents worth of clay from the potter's, worked to the consistency of putty, pressed firmly round the sides and into the corners of the furnace-box and left to dry over night, will make in every respect a more desirable lining than the fire-brick bought in the stores.

ANTIDOTE AGAINST POISON.—Hundreds of lives have been saved by a knowledge of this simple receipt. A large teaspoonful of made mustard mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and swallowed as soon as possible. It acts as an instant emetic, sufficiently powerful to remove all that is lodged in the stomach.

LINSEED POULTICE.—Stir linseed flour into boiling water, in sufficient quantity to form a poultice of proper consistency, and before application smear the surface with a little olive or linseed oil. If irritation, with great pain and tension, or hardness, should prevail, it will be necessary to substitute a decoction of poppy heads for the common water. This poultice is in general use in all the hospitals.

TO CLEAN STRAW MATTING AND OIL-CLOTH.—Wash the matting twice during the summer with salt and water, say about a pint of water dissolved in about a pailful of warm, soft water, drying the matting quickly with a soft cloth. The salt will prevent it from turning yellow. After oil-cloths are scrubbed and dried, they should be rubbed all over with a cloth dipped in milk. You've no idea how brightly the colors come out.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

A CANDIDATE for a vacant vicarage in England announces an invention of his own which may prove to be useful. It is a peculiar arrangement of the pulpit, with a clock to give warning. When at the end of a half hour, the clock sounds an alarm, if the preacher does not conclude within three minutes, down comes the pulpit, with the parson and the rest of the appendages.——An English paper, with the usual knowledge of its kind on American topics, says, "Jefferson Davis, the American rebel, has been invited to address the Winnebago natives. N. B.—The Winnebagoes are a tribe of Indians, formerly of Wisconsin State, but now removed to an agency in Nebraska State."——The *Pall Mall Gazette* says letters from army officers represent the popular feeling against the English in India to be growing in intensity every year. No attempt is made at concealment.——Among the latest labor-saving inventions is a patent painting-machine, which is said to paint 600 lathes of ordinary size for Venetian blinds in an hour.——The new steamship Germanic, of the White Star line, left Queenstown on July 30th, and arrived off Sandy Hook at 6:20 A. M., August 7th, making the run in seven days and twenty-three hours, the quickest time on record.——The London *Court Journal* announces that two American ladies are just now making a pedestrian trip in the Highlands, and enjoying the best of all ways of traveling amid mountain scenery. They are alone, each having her knapsack on her back, and each also armed with a revolver.——The improvement of weapons for the destruction of life goes on steadily. The announcement is made that the Sharpe Rifle Company at Hartford are experimenting with a new magazine rifle which can be fired three times a second. One-third of a second is a scarcely appreciable fragment of time, and the celerity of firing thus sought to be attained for a rifle becomes extraordinary when one considers how very small a portion of time even a second is.——The British empire contains a larger population than the empires of Russia, Austria, Italy, France and Germany combined. The total population of these is only 223,000,000, while that of Great Britain is 290,000.——A London car conductor was lately sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with hard labor, for attempting to defraud his employers of four cents.

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EVERY CASE OF CROUP CAN BE Cured when first taken by Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, warranted for 27 years, and never a bottle returned. It also cures Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, and External Pains. Sold by

Worthless Imitations

Of Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" are in circulation. The unprecedented success and popularity so justly gained for this harmless and valuable toilet preparation have induced persons to counterfeit it. The genuine has the United States Internal Revenue Stamp engraved on the front label, and the name of G. W. Laird stamped in the glass on the back of each bottle. No other is genuine. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods dealers.

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The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1921
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

Saturday Evening, Sept. 25, 1875.

REST.

It does not need any argument from us to prove that rest and change are pleasant and natural, if not absolutely necessary, to tired bodies and exhausted brains.

Rest and change are used as synonymous with the word recreation—which meant, originally, and means in its best sense now, recreation, or a being created anew.

The body loses, in a degree, its old tired particles, and they are replaced by fresh ones; and those which it does not lose, becoming revived as after a long sleep, gain new force and strength. So that the frame is, as it were, re-created, and endowed with its original amount of vitality and force.

And this inflowing of the vital forces is a sweet and healthy pleasure, not only of itself, but as a contrast to the strain and fret which have preceded it. Rest after exercise is always pleasant, but especially so after the exhausting toil of years. To have just that little to do which is necessary to the enjoyment of a rest that is meant to reach through weeks and months, but to be subject no longer to those importunate demands upon the attention and the strength which task the energies to the utmost, this is a pleasure worth going through a good deal of toil to feel. To sit idly on the great rocks, and look out, hour after hour, upon the sea, is a pleasure that only the tired brain and soul can fully enjoy. Even the very unquiet of the restless waters is soothing through the force of contrast. We lie on the rocks, and are ourselves of the rock. And as we may fancy it a pleasure for these huge masses of stone to lie passive and quiet, and watch the endless roll, and heaving of the waves, and feel them play around their omnipotent feet, so we may partake of the calm charm of their magnificent rest, and feel ourselves, for the moment, children of the eternal granite.

Ah, the white sails, how they come and go—passing onward, we know not, care not whither. To us on the rocks, they are not what they seem to many, mere carriers of coal and fish and merchandize. We have laid down the thought of traffic and business, and would disdain to be told by some wretched prosaic mortal what these wild birds of the ocean hide beneath their wings. To us they are messengers of peace and good-will between state and state, and clime and clime. They look beautiful, their canvas shows white and snowy, and we think of them as laden with human hopes, and social desires, and day-dreams of which some maiden, or wife, or child is the magnetic centre. And who shall say that our view is not the correct one, that we do not perceive the kernel and substance of the rough seaman's venture where our prosaic friend sees only the husk and shell, forgetful that the coarse outer covering is not all?

The ocean never grows stale nor wearisome. Familiarity with it never engenders contempt. The fisherman whose boat lies there upon the shore, high up beyond the reach of the wildest tide, has not unlearned his respect for the element upon which he daily toils. He always speaks respectfully of the sea, and in the tone of one whose life is held in a monarch's hand. To-day he is, to-morrow he may be tossing, cold and still, upon the waves—and he knows it. The ocean always commands his respect; it is not to be trifled with.

And when the days of rest and ease are over, and the dweller among the bricks returns to his office or his store, with new health and life drawn from the great primeval sources—the vast seas of water and of air—still the murmur of the waves sounds in his ear, and the life of the waves flows into his heart, and his pulses beat stronger and truer for the hours that he has lain quietly and trustfully so near the heart of all creative Nature.

FERDINAND, the dethroned and retired Emperor of Austria, died recently at Prague, where he had lived in privacy for many years. A German correspondent tells one or two very amusing stories of his peculiar, and sometimes humorous, obstinacy and impassiveness. Taking shelter once from a storm at a Styrian farmer's, he found the farmer's wife just putting on the table a good dinner of dumplings, made of rather coarse flour, and the Emperor was invited to partake, which he not only did heartily, to the horror of his attendants, but insisted ever afterwards on having similar dumplings of coarse flour brought up to his own table. His physicians prohibited this, and he was told he should not and could not have these dumplings, to which he simply replied that in that case the machinery of State must stand still, for nothing should be done until he received his dumplings. Again, at a council of ministers, when a long report of great moment was being read, the Emperor, who was sitting at an open window, appeared to give the most earnest attention for hours, but, when the minister had at length finished, he only said, "Four hundred and twenty-five flacres and one hundred and eighty omnibuses have passed through the Hofburg during the last two hours."

You may shrink from the far-reaching solitudes of your heart, but no other feet than yours can tread them.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1875--'76!

OF THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of so gratifying a character as to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers, that cannot be excelled. Never before has there been such a

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among whom we may now mention the following distinguished authors, all of whom will appear in our columns:

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A SPLENDID PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS!

OUR CHROMO.

As so many papers are now using Chromo premiums, we, of course, must follow the fashion; and in doing so, we took into consideration the following points: First—*most* of the chromos given with papers are *worthless daubs*. Second—a chromo *in the sheet* is an *imposition upon the subscriber*, for the simple reason that to get a single chromo, of any size, mounted, varnished and ready for framing, costs the subscriber from *ninety cents* to *one dollar;* and no matter how *fine* a chromo it may be, it is worth nothing until it is *mounted and varnished;* and third—we felt confident that our subscribers would prefer to have a *good* chromo, in *good shape*, than to have a *miserable daub* of a picture, or even a good one unmounted. Upon these conditions we decided to buy, and have bought, the copyright of a really fine and beautiful chromo, such as would retail in the trade for about *five or six dollars*. We have it mounted in the best style, on *canvas* and *stretcher*, nicely varnished, and in every way complete, ready for framing.

DE SOTO;
Or, the Discovery of the Mississippi.

This magnificent picture, copied by SPECIAL permission of the Government from the celebrated painting in the dome of the National Capitol at Washington, has been made solely and expressly for subscribers to the SATURDAY EVENING POST. No one can possibly get it except they subscribe to this paper. The scene laid on the banks of this most wonderful of rivers at or near its junction with the Yazoo, a few miles above the site of the city of Vicksburg, is one full of interest and excitement. De Soto, the most prominent figure of the group, mounted on a fine white charger, handsomely caparisoned, is a noble-looking man of about fifty years of age, and is receiving the homage of the native Indians whom the Spaniards had conquered after a fierce, hard fight. They are offering De Soto and his followers presents of game, tobacco, rich tropical fruits, beautiful birds, and everything they can imagine the Spaniards would enjoy. De Soto is surrounded by his officers and aids, and in the distance is seen the wide, beautiful river. The picture is full of deep, rich color; in it we can see the tropical fruits and flowers, the birds of bright plumage, the rich dress of the Spaniards, and the brilliant ornaments of the natives. This is the largest Chromo ever given with a paper, being 19 by 25 inches.

"De Soto," says Mr. Irving, "was the first European who looked out upon the turbid waters of this magnificent river, and that event has more surely enrolled his name among those who will ever live in American history than if he had discovered mines of silver and gold."

This is a picture that WE are very proud of, and one that our agents will find immensely popular. It is especially appropriate this—our great **Centennial**—year, as it is intended to commemorate one of the most important events in the history of the American continent. A publisher of New York writes us as follows: "I have seen all the chromo premiums for this year in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and unhesitatingly pronounce 'De Soto' the finest of the entire collection."

This magnificent work of art we now propose to give away to our subscribers. We have had them mounted on canvas and stretchers, sized, roughed and varnished, for which we make a charge of only 50 cents. But if subscribers insist on having them in the sheet, we can and will furnish them so, but it will cost 15 cents for postage, and then they are shipped at their risk. We would strongly advise all of our subscribers to get them mounted, as it is really a great saving of money and not so much danger of damage.

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" sixth	10.00	"	" fifteenth	5.00	"
" seventh	10.00	"	" sixteenth	5.00	"
" eighth	10.00	"	" seventeenth	5.00	"
" ninth	10.00	"	" eighteenth	5.00	"
" tenth	10.00	"	" nineteenth	5.00	"

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Some of our Agents, who thoroughly understand the canvassing business, average about the same number each week, and generally, selling Frames, make by the combination of profits, at the rate of from two to five thousand dollars per year. When sub-agents are employed, receipts will be increased in proportion to the territory worked. The *whole country* is the field of operations, as our paper takes just as well in Maine and Texas as in Pennsylvania or Ohio.

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REED, WICKERSHAM & CO.,
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REVERIE.

Who sits by the clustering vine?
More fair than all flowers is she—
A mortal form, with a face divine,
And a child's simplicity.

Weary of fashion and talk,
And the trifler's commonplace smile,
She has left them all in the crowded walk,
To speak with herself awhile.

Her lips may utter no word,
Yet her spirit speaks through her eyes,
And an angel writes the record,
While she looks on the boundless skies.

"O passionate heart of mine,
Is this thy perfect estate;
Have thy spring-time hopes here reached their prime,
Is there naught more solid or great?

"Have I tasted the purest joy,
Or must I ever more pine
To find in the noblest no alloy,
In the search no folly of mine?

"'Twere sweet to be exiled fair,
If it left not a restless mind;
I long to grasp what I yet might share,
Of a better and lovelier kind.

"Tears force a way to my eyes,
For I know not whom to trust?
And a woman's tenderest sympathies,
Like leaves, may be trampled in dust.

"O, is it not sad to stand
In a world so mark'd with power,
O'ershadow'd by God's irresistible hand,
As weak as a summer flower?

"Love can scarcely cost me a sigh—
Love with its silly parade,
Its boasted golden power to buy
The blush of a modest maid.

"Life is more than a selfish rest,
Our pity should crush our pride;
These hands are ready to work their best,
If a master-mind would guide.

"My bosom is not all steel,
It is tender enough when found;
I can feel for those that feel,
And would bind up some inward wound.

"I hardly can grope a way
To life's brighter, happier part;
O that some angel now would say
Where I may trust this heart!

"Till I see e'en a shadow way
To that land where the young find rest;
If not to enter at once and stay,
Yet to feel its light in my breast."

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

It came in so slowly with the tide!

We caught sight of it early in the day, and watched it through our marine-glass, off and on, for hours, wondering what strange thing it was, and from what strange land it had come, and—if it had voice—what strange stories it could tell to us who were dreaming all the bright days through, with never a care for the world beyond the Bay.

Once in a while we forgot it, altogether, charmed by the music of May's young voice, as, leaning idly in the Chinese chair, her soft white draperies, with garniture of wild flowers, flowing, full of perfume, over the greyhound always beside her, she read to us how:

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
High in her chamber up a tower to the east,
Guarded the sacred shield of Launcelot."

Once in a while we forgot it altogether in a silence born of the delicious day, and place; a silence that seemed a healthful part of both, and sweeter than song itself.

Even the cloudy columns of smoke rising lazily from the moustaches of Harry and "The Prince" seemed essential to the day's dream—haunted perfectness; and the soft eyes of Sparkle, the greyhound, forgot to watch for birds, though staring, wide open, at the border of his mistress' robe.

A swallow swooped suddenly down from the mountain, high and shadowy at the right of us—swooped suddenly down when the silence was sweetest, and commenced to cry, pitifully, under a rosebush in a corner of the lawn.

"In every life some rain must fall!" Harry said, filliping his cigar, and letting the hand that held it drop, listless, to the sward; "and I suppose it had to be—that little dark thing in the corner there, on the otherwise perfect brightness of the picture."

"The swallow?" May asked. "Poor little thing! Lie still, Sparkle," turning her eyes from the "dark thing in the corner" to the dog that was watching it, too, and beginning to stir uneasily.

"You're old acquaintances?" Harry interrogated. "Old friends, perhaps; you, and the pining swallow."

"Right; I have seen her, before."

The bird did not seem to mind us at all. She hopped uneasily from the rose-tree to the ground, and cried and called, so humanly, that at last "The Prince" said:

"Shall we see what is there, May?"

"I do not need to 'see'"—there were actually little shy hints of tears in May's bewitching eyes; "I know, already."

So "The Prince" went down alone, and the swallow flew away. He came back presently, bringing on his open palm a satin-lined jewel-case which I recognized at once as belonging with May's coral set; and, glancing up at her, I saw that she had taken her book again, and that her face was hotly flushed.

He laid the case on my lap and I saw, upon its whiteness, the darling of the swallow, a bright-plumaged bird that could not answer the cry of its mate though her wailing wakened the echoes everywhere. Then he went over to May.

"Where did you find it?" he asked; "and when?"

"Yesterday morning, under the rose-tree."

"Dead?"

"Dead."

"And so coffined it in your jewel-case! Kind, I should say. Suppose we bury it?"

"The casket, or the bird?"

"Tom Fiyun or the 'orse?" laughed Harry. "I should say—if I committed myself to an opinion—that you'd best toss both together into the bushes and have done with sentiment; or send them out to sea. The fish would dispose of the bird and some mermaid of the casket; and the survivor, yonder"—nodding towards the rosebush where the swallow had perched again—"would soon forget her sorrow, and find 'another, and a dearer.'"

"The 'survivor' is a female," I remarked, with "cast-iron" severity. "Hark! how bitterly she mourns for him."

Harry whistled, and May rebuked his impoliteness with just a little arching of her brows. Afterward she and "The Prince" buried the dead thing that had been so full of life and song—buried it in the casket under the roses, and came back to the veranda, May's face fuller of pain than I had ever seen it.

"I wonder where the soul of it is," she said, musingly. "We all know how

'The dead,
Steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter.'

But 'the dead' was only the body of Elaine; the soul of her—that had flown for love of Launcelot—lived, and loved him still, though he had known no love but Guinivere. So with the—something—that loved the swallow. Surely it was not that brightly-plumaged thing we left to dust and decay just now, that was glad or grieved, that remembered and loved among the roses here. What was it? and whither has it flown?"

"Born anew in the body of a babe, perhaps," suggested "The Prince;" but May's lip curled incredulously.

And in our talk about the birds, we had forgotten the black object drifting shoreward on the flowing tide. When we remembered, and searched for it, it was not more than a hundred yards away, and something like a human face stared upward from its mystery.

We put on our hats—saying no word of that which haunted the heart of each—and in solemn, prophetic silence, took our seats in the canopied boat and went out to meet the dead.

For so it proved.

It was lodged securely in among the timbers of a wreck; and its face—that of a young, fair girl—had not even a bruise upon its beauty. Its curling, soft hair trailed in the water that ever and anon swept brightly over its pallor as if to pity or caress, and decay had kept far from it, as it should.

The body was small, yet perfect in symmetry. It seemed a thing of marble, highly and whitely draped; and about one little wrist was fastened a bracelet of quaint device with "*Gardez la foi*" in delicate tracing upon its under side.

That was all. No scrap of paper anywhere to tell her name, her nation, or her hope.

"*Somewhere* she is keeping, still, '*the faith,*'" May said. "I wonder who, and where, he is whose last words to her were, no doubt, '*gardez la foi!*'"

* * * * *

We made her a grave, a little down the coast, under a clump of maples; and when we saw her last, she lay like one asleep on a couch of leaves and lilies, smiling, as if in dreams,

"And all the wonder of her hair,
A golden mist about her!"

The casket of rosewood—a dainty thing and satin-lined—had simply a date upon it, but on the headstone—furnished, a little later, by Harry and "The Prince," was the motto:

"*Gardez la foi!*"

Sometime, perhaps, he who loved her and who mourns for her—will pass that way. Perhaps he will be loving her still—the loves of *some* men do survive distance, death and time—and of a sudden the mystery of her long, long silence will be solved, and his face will go down among the grasses with its pale lips crying:

"Oh, my own, my own! *is it thus you 'keep the faith?*'"

God knows. And the *will be* hideth in His hands.

MEMORIAL TO SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

A memorial in marble of Sir John Franklin has been placed in Westminster Abbey. Intended by the faithful, loving widow, who has lately departed hence, to remind a nation of the heroic discoverer, whom she loved with such unselfish devotion, the memorial is now made to tell the story of that never-failing affection, while presenting a fitting picture of the Arctic explorer's life and death. The sculptured picture stands in what is now known as the Nightingale Chapel—a place formerly screened off into three chapels, those of St. Andrew, St. Michael, and St. John the Evangelist. It is now called the "Nightingale" from the monument in which Death is depicted as having issued from a cellar and in the act of casting his dart at the figure of a dying girl. To the left is the monument of the stately Mrs. Siddons, and the walls about are covered by memorials of people who are otherwise forgotten. The new monument is by Noble, from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott. Beneath an elaborate canopy is what is termed a statuary bust, in Carrara marble, of the explorer, wearing his medals and orders on his breast. His face has a firm and kindly expression. The bust bears the one word "Franklin." Under is a marble picture of a ship bound in the ice of the Arctic regions, bearing above it the words:

"O ye frost and cold, O ye ice and snow;"
"Bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

On the right side of the monument is the inscription—"To the memory of Sir John Franklin, born April 16, 1786, at Spilsby, Lincolnshire, died June 11, 1847, off Point Victory, in the Frozen Ocean, the beloved chief of the crews who perished with him in completing the discovery of the North-West Passage." On the other side the legend runs: "This monument was erected by Jane, his widow, who, after long waiting, and sending many in search of him, herself departed to find him in the realms of Life, July 18, 1875, aged eighty-three years."

SATURDAY EVENING POST, one of the oldest papers in the country, is full of continued stories which absorb one's attention. "Cast Up by the Sea," "A Gift from Heaven," and "Through Forbidden Paths," have each a separate entertainment. Every week it furnishes interesting items of "Centennial News." The boys and girls have a Fairy Tale, the ladies are posted on the fashions and the news from the watering-places. Charming selections from noted poets are distributed throughout. Valuable recipes are sure to be found, all of which make this a desirable family paper.—*Herald and Register*, Bayonne City, N. J.

PHILADELPHIA HOTELS.—It is said that the present capacity of the Philadelphia hotels is 10,000; this will be increased before the Centennial is opened by additional buildings and rooms to 13,000. In a short time a strongly built but temporary hotel will be under way, near the exhibition buildings, capable of accommodating between five and six thousand guests. And before this one is finished, another one, its equal in capacity, will have been begun. Also, many of the private houses will be fitted up to receive boarders or lodgers during the exhibition.

MORE readable than ever before in the course of its long history is that sterling weekly, the SATURDAY EVENING POST, of this city, now edited and published by Reed, Wickersham & Co.—*Printers' Circular, Philadelphia, July*, 1875.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

MR. RICHARD A. PROCTOR, the English astronomer, will return to this country early in October.

THE Queen has appointed the Duke of Buckingham Governor of the Presidency of Fort St. George, at Madras, in the East Indies.

MRS. CATACAZY is said to have caused Russia to decline taking part in the Centennial. "A woman at the bottom of it," as usual.

MISS ELIZABETH P. PEABODY, who introduced kindergarten schools in this country, will open a school in the Centennial grounds.

SIR CHARLES DILKE sails for this country next month, intending to go to Utah and Japan and get back to London for the opening of Parliament.

THE Geographical Congress at Paris awarded gold medals to General Meyer, of the Signal Service, and Professor Hayden, our government geologist.

JOHN B. GOUGH is 58 years of age. He will have a new lecture this season entitled "Blunders," which he is preparing now on his farm near Worcester, Massachusetts.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS recently opened a new rifle range for the Bideford and Tonington Rifle Corps. She made a "bull's eye" the first shot, and a "centre" the second.

COL. FORNEY has secured for the Centennial the loan of one of the original stamps for the collection of the celebrated tax on tea which precipitated an uprising in Boston over a century ago.

THE centennial of Bortolomeo Christofori will be celebrated in Florence next May. And do you know who Bartolomeo Christofori was? He was the inventor of the piano forte, so the Florentines claim.

A PARIS paper states that the Sultan of Zanzibar astonished amateurs and professors, who were present at his visit to a piano-forte maker's, by playing one of Thalberg's fantasias with the skill almost of a virtuoso.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, Prime Minister of Russia, is nearly eighty years of age, but firm in health and a hard worker. At this season of the year his favorite residence is ten miles from St. Petersburgh, on the Neva.

IT is now said that the story that the Duke of Edinburgh had sold his birthright of the dukedom of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to the German Empire for £80,000 originated with a Berlin newspaper. The *Official Gazette* of Coburg pronounces it wholly false and without foundation.

THERESA TITIENS is expected to visit this country in the autumn. She is a great artist, and a dramatic singer of a high order. Perhaps no more impressive actress has been upon the stage since the death of Rachel. It will add to the charm of her public performance to know that her private life is admirable.

SENATOR SCHURZ writes to friends in Washington that he will return to this country in October. He has spent most of his time abroad in Berlin, at the Foreign Office, studying the correspondence between Prussia and our government a century ago, intending to use the data obtained in the political history of America which he designs writing.

CENTENNIAL ITEMS.

THE International Congress of Prehistoric Archæologists is to be invited to hold a meeting in this city next year.

A RICHMOND tobacco manufacturer is going to exhibit at the Centennial Exhibition the whole process of manufacture, from the natural leaf to the perfect plug.

FRANCE is evidently in earnest about the great Centennial. Fifty commercial corporations, etc., will send representatives to inspect and report upon the objects exhibited.

THE Smithsonian Institution and the Indian Bureau are now forming a large collection illustrative of the archæology and ethnology of North America, which will constitute a department of the United States Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia.

GERMANY will be widely represented at Philadelphia next year in her arts and manufactures. Mr. Krupp, the great iron manufacturer, has asked for a large space, and one of his specialties will be a mammoth gun capable of throwing a thousand-pound ball.

M. GOYARD, ex-proprietor of the famous *Freres Provençaux*, in Paris, who opened so successful an establishment at Vienna during the world's fair there, has been in the city for some days. M. Goyard has completed arrangements for opening a restaurant during the Centennial at the Park grounds, which will be conducted as a branch of his famed Paris establishment.

A MEETING of the principal silk manufactures of Lyons, France, with regard to the Centennial, was held on the 13th inst. M. Flotard, French Commissioner to the Exhibition, and Mr. Nathan Appleton, of Boston, were among those present. M. Caubert, French Centennial Commissioner, who had just returned to France from Philadelphia, described the condition of the Exhibition, and its scope and character, and urged the importance of securing a full exhibit of French manufactures.

THE American District Telegraph of this city is making arrangements to open an office on the Centennial Exhibition grounds for the accommodation of the officers, artisans and others. This will enable messages to be sent without delay to the various buildings connected with the Exposition, and other parts of the city. They have also organized a bureau of intelligent and reliable guides on the system of *valets de place* in Europe, who will facilitate the visits of strangers to the various points of interest in and about this city at a nominal expense.

THE Sawyer Centennial Observatory, a tall iron shaft which a company of enterprising Boston business men are building on Belmont Hill, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, has been successfully raised in place. The work of raising the column, which weighs upwards of twenty tons, was accomplished in presence of a large assemblage, by Captain A. B. Lowe, of Boston. The observatory is in all respects a Boston institution. Mr. L. B. Sawyer, the inventor, is a well known resident of the Charlestown District, the iron work has been constructed by the Whittier Machine Company, and, as already intimated, it is owned in Boston. It promises to be a great feature of the Centennial.

EFFIE MAY, OR LOVE AND DUTY.

BY FANNY FERN.

The moon looked down upon no fairer sight than Effie May, as she lay sleeping on her little couch that fair summer night; so thought her mother, as she glided gently in to give her a silent good-night blessing. The bright flush of youth, health and hope were on her cheek, the long, dark hair lay unbound in masses about her neck and shoulders; now a smile plays upon the red lips, and the mother bends low to catch the indistinct murmur. She starts at the whispered name as if a serpent had stung her, and as the little snowy hand is tossed restlessly upon the coverlid, she sees, glittering in the moonbeams, on that childish finger, the golden signet of betrothal. Sleep sought in vain to woo the eyes of the mother that night. Reproachfully she asked herself how could I have been so blind?—but then Effie has seemed to me only a child—but him! oh, no, the wine cup will be my child's rival—oh, no, it must not be! Effie was wilful, and her mother knew she must be cautiously dealt with; but she knew that no mother need despair who possesses the confidence and affection of her child.

Effie's violet eyes were open to greet the first rays of the morning sun, as he peeped into her room. She stood at the little mirror, trying with those small hands to gather up the rich tresses that seemed so impatient of confinement. How could she fail to know that she was fair?—she read it in every face she met; but there was one, and she was hastening to meet him, whose eye had noted with a lover's pride every shining ringlet and azure vein and flitting blush; his words were soft and low, and skillfully chosen; and so she tied, with a careless grace, the little straw hat under her dimpled chin, and fresh and sweet and guileless as the daisy that bent beneath her foot, she tripped lightly on to the favorite old trysting place down by the willows.

Stay! a hand is laid lightly upon her arm, and the pleading voice of a mother (dearer than life) arrests that springing step.

"Effie, dear, sit down with me on this old garden seat; give up your walk for this morning; I slept but indifferently last night, and morning finds me languid and depressed."

A shadow passed over Effie's face, the little cherry lips pouted, and a rebellious feeling was busy at her heart; but one look in her mother's pale face decided her, and untying the strings of her hat, she leaned her head caressingly upon her mother's shoulder.

"You are ill, dear mother—you are troubled," and she looked inquiringly up into her face.

"Listen to me, Effie, I have a story to tell of myself. When I was about your age, I formed an acquaintance with a young man by the name of Adolph. He had been but a short time in the village, but long enough to win the hearts of half the young girls from their rustic admirers. Handsome, frank and social, he found himself everywhere a favorite. He would sit by me for hours, reading our favorite authors, and side by side we rambled through all the lovely paths in which our village abounded. My parents knew nothing to his disadvantage, and were equally charmed as myself with his cultivated refinement of manner, and the indefinable charm with which he invested every topic, grave or gay, which it suited his mood to discuss. Before I knew it, my heart was no longer in my own keeping. One afternoon he called to accompany me upon a little excursion we had planned together. As he came up the gravel walk I noticed his fine hair was in disorder, but a pang, keen as death, shot through my heart when he approached me with reeling, unsteady step and stammering tongue. I could not speak, but the chill of death gathered round my heart, and I fainted. When I recovered he was gone, and my mother's face was bending over me, moist with tears. Her woman's heart knew all that was passing in mine. She pressed her lips to my forehead, and only said, 'God strengthen you to choose the right, my child.'

"I could not look upon her sorrowful eyes, or the pleading face of my gray-haired father, and trust myself again to the witchery of that voice and smile. A letter came to me; I dared not read it. Alas! my heart pleaded too eloquently, even then, for his return. I returned it unopened. My father and mother devoted themselves to lighten the load that lay upon my heart, but the perfume of a flower, a remembered strain of music, a struggling moonbeam, would bring back old memories with a crushing bitterness that swept all before it for the moment. But my father's aged hand lingered on my head with a blessing, and my mother's voice had the sweetness of an angel's, as it fell upon my ear.

"Time passed on, and I had conquered myself. Your father saw me, and proposed for my hand; my parents left me free to choose, and Effie, dear, are we not happy?"

"Oh, mother," said Effie, then looking sorrowfully in her face, "did you never see Adolph again?"

"Do you remember, my child, the summer evening we sat upon the piazza, when a dusty, travel-stained man came up the steps and asked for a supper? Do you recollect his bloated, disfigured face? Effie, that was Adolph."

"Not that wreck of a man, mother!" said Effie, covering her eyes with her hands as if to shut him out from her sight.

"Yes, that was all that remained of that glorious intellect and that form made after God's own image. I looked around upon my happy home, then upon your noble father—then—upon *him*, and (taking Effie's little hand and pointing to the ring that encircled it) in your ear, my daughter, I now breathe my mother's prayer for me—'God help you to choose the right!'"

The bright head of Effie sank upon her mother's breast, and with a gush of tears she drew the golden circlet from her finger and placed it in her mother's hand.

"God bless you, my child!" said the happy mother, as she led her back to their quiet home.

AMONG THE SHADOWS.

BY SUSANNA J.

O ye on whom the sun shines bright and warm,
Whose sails are filled with zephyr's softest breath,
What reck ye of the tempest and the storm,
Or the despairing agony of Death?

How should ye know, yourselves so far above
Those hapless ones who pray ye to bestow
Out of the great abundance of your love
A few warm rays to bless them as they go?

Ye know not, therefore censure not their grief,
For human hearts have different shades of care.
You grieve if Fate awards you one dead leaf,
While they have none but mildewed sheaves to bear.

What do we live for? What will be the end
Of all the labor and the careful ways?
Or whither do the wandering footsteps tend
That walk alone through Life's intricate maze?

How many are there in this world of ours,
Who, having genius, pass in silence by,
And go thus to the grave like those sweet flowers
That in the distant desert bloom and die—

Unstable souls, who, tossed on every wave,
Look forward to the time when life shall cease—
Long for the slumbers of an unknown grave,
And think of death but as a name for peace?

O weary ones, fain would I cheer you on,
And nerve your hearts with courage for the strife!
The best and bravest of mankind have known
At times the burden of a joyless life.

Let us be hopeful—gentle works are done
By Sorrow when she wears not sternest face,
And God's good seed of love is ever sown
In hearts where Grief hath left her deepest trace.

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 40, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DEAD IN LIFE.

In the Invalid's room—for so they called that at the Sailor's Rest, tenanted by the stranger, Mr. Home—there was great bustle. Ravensbird was in attendance, his wife also, and Dr. Green was there; all gathered round Mr. Home, who lay on the sofa, very, very ill. Ailing from the first, he had now been taken alarmingly worse, and the physician gave little hopes that he would recover.

"Tell me how long you think I shall last," said Mr. Home to him. "I do not fear death; but if I am near it, I must settle many things."

"Of immediate death, hourly death, there is no danger," was the reply, "and I think you will rally yet. But I do fear your life will not be much prolonged."

"That is, I may rally so as to last a few days? Speak out."

"Yes," said the physician, reluctantly.

"Then the sooner Apperly is brought to me, the better," was the invalid's answer. "Do you hear, Ravensbird?"

Dr. Green shook hands with his patient, and went out. Mr. Home spoke again, anxiety in his tone. His voice was as energetic as it had ever been; his intellect as keen.

"Ravensbird, there's no time to be lost. Send for Apperly."

"Immediately, my lord," was the man's answer.

But, it so happened, that as Dr. Green left the Sailor's Rest, he was overtaken by the group who had emerged from Daneshold Hall. Apperly was among them; and Inspector Young walked by the side of Lydney. Dr. Green informed Apperly that he was wanted at the Sailor's Rest in his professional capacity, and the latter went in at once, and proceeded to the door of the sick chamber.

"I am told the old gentleman wants me, who is lying here," quoth he to Sophie, who came out to him.

"Yes, he is very ill," answered Sophie. "But you need not call him old, Mr. Apperly; he is not as old as you are. You can go in."

She held the door open for him, quitting the room herself. Mr. Apperly advanced to the couch, near which stood Ravensbird.

"I am sorry to hear you are seriously ill, sir," he began. "Mr. Home, I believe."

The invalid turned his head towards him. His high features, somewhat attenuated now by suffering, his keen eyes and his white hair. A handsome man still. Mr. Apperly gazed at him, and then backed a few paces, astonishment, mingled with terror, on his countenance.

"Good heavens!" he uttered, as he wiped his brow. "It—it—can it be? It *is* Captain Dane! come to life again."

"No, sir," rejoined the invalid, very sharply for one so ill, "it is not Captain Dane. I am Lord Dane. And so I have been ever since my father's death."

The lawyer looked bewildered. He turned from the sick man to Ravensbird, from Ravensbird to the sick man.

"Is it not a dream?" he gasped.

"It is not a dream," said Ravensbird. "It is my old master, sure enough; my lord now. I have been proud to know it ever since the day after the shipwreck."

"Why you—you—are supposed to be lying in the Daneshold vaults, sir—my lord. Goodness help me!" broke off Apperly in his former hot fashion; "if you are in truth Lord Dane, who is he—the other Lord Dane at the castle?"

"If I am in truth Lord Dane!" retorted the invalid. "What do you mean, Apperly? I am my father's son."

"Yes, yes, of course; but these sudden changes confuse me, my lord. Who is he at the castle, I say? I can't collect my senses."

"I should think you can't," was the reply of the true Lord Dane. "He is an usurper; not an intentional one; we must give him that due. He is plain Mr. Herbert Dane, and never has been any thing else, though he has reveled in all the rights of a peer for these ten years."

"It will take me—it will take me a week to get over this; a week before I can comprehend it," ejaculated Apperly. "Were you really not killed, my lord?"

"If I was killed I came to life again," said Lord Dane, intending the words as a joke. "The fall over the cliff took away my senses for a time, and otherwise injured me; but I recovered. A moment yet, Apperly; there will be some work for the lawyers between me and the false Lord Dane; which side do you enlist upon?"

"Yours, my lord, certainly; yours, by all means."

"Then I retain you as my adviser, and I will tell you my tale. But I should wish somebody else to be present. Ravensbird, where's Mr. William?"

"He has not been in, my lord, since he went this morning to Daneshold Hall."

"Did he go to Daneshold Hall?" asked Lord Dane.

"Yes," was Ravensbird's answer. "Squire Lester sent for him."

"And a pretty kettle of fish he has got himself into, if you mean the young man lodging here, William Lydney," put in the lawyer. "He is taken into custody on remand. Young has just walked him off to the station-house."

"Walked Mr. Lydney off to the station-house!" uttered Ravensbird, while Lord Dane stared, in unqualified astonishment.

"A shocking scapegrace, I'm afraid, gentlemanly as he looks," explained Mr. Apperly. "Reports have been abroad, connecting him with the poachers, for some time; but he has got himself into real trouble now. He and three more, with blackened faces, broke into the hall last night, for robbery no doubt, but that they were disturbed. Lydney is the only one of the lot taken as yet."

"How dare you so traduce him, and in my presence?" cried Lord Dane, his eyes flashing wrath. "You don't know what you are saying, Apperly. Are you aware who he is?"

"Not I, my lord. I know nothing of him, except that his name's Lydney; or he says it is. Daneshold looks upon him as an adventurer."

"He will be Daneshold's chieftain, sir; I can tell you that," returned his lordship, with emotion. "Ay, you may stare, but he will. He is my own lawful son, and will be my Lord Dane before many days are over, for I shan't last longer."

"Why, it is mystery upon mystery!" exclaimed Mr. Apperly, who certainly did stare, in no measured degree. "He goes by the name of Lydney."

"He is my own son, I tell you, the Honorable Geoffry William Lydney Dane. Geoffry is his first name, but we have always called him William: my wife, a lady of French extraction, used to say her lips would not pronounce the Geoffry. And you assert that he is in custody?"

"He is in custody beyond dispute, for I made out myself the warrant for his committal," was the answer of Mr. Apperly. And he forthwith proceeded to give Lord Dane a summary of the circumstances, so far as he knew them: dwelling on the fact that Mr. Lydney did not deny having been in the house, as testified to by Tiffle.

"One thing is certain," said Lord Dane, "that William is incapable of a mean or dishonorable action. If he was in Lester's house, he was there for some good and legitimate purpose, and so it will turn out; not for a bad one. Pshaw, sir! speak of housebreaking in connection with William Dane, a future peer of England! I will stake the rest of my poor life that Herbert Dane—my lord, as you all call him—is at the bottom of these rumors against him. I do not suppose he suspects who William is; but I think it likely that he fears I am alive, and goes upon thorns, lest I should turn up."

"My lord, may I ask you why you did not assume your rank and your rights when you first returned?" said Apperly. "Why you have lain on here in obscurity, suffering Lord Dane—Mr. Herbert, I should say—to continue in his honors."

"All in good time," replied Lord Dane. "I have had my reasons. You know that box that so much has been said about?"

"Well, my lord?"

"I must get that into my possession, if I can, before I alarm Mr. Herbert Dane. I would almost barter my boy's future title to have it safely by my side now. Apperly," continued Lord Dane, after a pause, given to reflection, "it has been in my mind some time to have a detective officer down. Keen men are those London detectives; they ferret out everything; and perhaps by those means I may arrive at the box. I was only waiting for my health to get better; but it has got worse instead. You shall telegraph for one this day."

"A London detective is at present in Daneshold, at the castle," replied Mr. Apperly. "His name is Blair, and he passes as Lord Dane's banker; business brought me in contact with him some time ago, and of course I recognized him, but he gave me a hint that he was here incog. He might suit your lordship's purpose as well as another."

"Not if he be a friend of Lord Dane's as you persist in calling him."

"I beg the true Lord Dane's pardon," smiled Mr. Apperly; "but we have called Mr. Herbert Lord Dane so long, that we must call him so, I fear, by many another slip of the tongue. I could ascertain by two words to Blair himself, whether he is at liberty to give his energies to your cause."

"Then go and do so at once," was the command. "Let him understand that he will have to act *against* the present Lord Dane of the castle, but do not mention me otherwise than as Mr. Home. When Dr. Green was called in to me—I could not send for Wild, because he would have known me—he asked my name. I replied, 'Mr. Home,' for I was thinking of my own home at the moment, and the word did as well as any other. If this Blair will assist, bring him back with you, for it is high time to act, and the plot is thickening. The Heir of Dane in custody for felony! Do you hear it, Ravensbird?"

As Mr. Apperly walked towards the castle, not knowing where else to look for the detective, it occurred to him that he was not bent upon altogether an honorable errand. To seek Mr. Blair in his host's residence, purposely to ask him to act against that host, was certainly not altogether clear steering; but lawyers are thick-skinned, most of them, and so was Mr. Apperly. It happened, however, that he had not to seek Mr. Blair at the castle, for he met the latter walking from it.

"I was going in search of you," began Mr. Apperly. "A gentleman down here has need of the services of a detective officer. Could you act for him?"

"Yes; for the business that brought me down is so far over that I am no longer needed, and have now quitted the castle. What is it?"

"I must premise that you will have to act against Lord Dane, though in what manner I do not precisely understand myself. Will your private feelings allow you to do so?"

"An officer must have no private feelings," was Mr. Blair's reply. "Lord Dane demanded a detective from town, and I was sent down. My business with him is concluded; and if I am required by another party, I have neither plea nor wish for refusing, whether my services may be put in requisition against Lord Dane, or against any other lord. Does it relate to this business of breaking into the hall? which I confess I cannot fathom—at least Lydney's share in it."

"In a manner it does; and I can fathom it as little as you."

"I fancied so. I thought Squire Lester might be calling upon me for aid."

"I am not the agent of Squire Lester," replied the lawyer, as he took Mr. Blair to the Sailor's Rest.

Lord Dane was then off the sofa, pacing the room by the help of Ravensbird's arm. The complaint that he labored under was an inward one, telling little upon his apparent health.

"This is Mr. Blair, my lord," said Lawyer Apperly.

"Sir," said the peer, stopping in his walk, and facing him, "I have need of advice and assistance. I have been wronged by Herbert Dane—Lord Dane, as he is called—whom I hear you have been visiting. Can you aid me?"

"I have no doubt I can," was Mr. Blair's reply; "at least I can inform you whether anything can be done, if you will put me in possession of the circumstances."

"Very good. But before I enter upon my tale, which is a long one, allow me to inform you that I am Lord Dane."

The detective gave a sort of cough, impressed with the sudden belief that the gentleman before him was laboring under a mania, and wanted a keeper rather than a police-officer. His eye glanced at Mr. Apperly.

"His lordship says right," observed the latter. "He is the true Lord Dane."

"The true, veritable William Henry, Lord Dane, only surviving son of the old Lord Dane, of whom you may have heard," continued the peer. "You look astonished, Mr. Blair; I thought police officers were surprised at nothing."

"The present lord has enjoyed the honors so long," remarked Mr. Blair, recovering himself. "He is not like one who succeeded yesterday. Sir Richard Mayne himself would be surprised at this."

"I dare say he will be, when he hears of it," returned Lord Dane. "And now for my story, when you will learn how it happens that he has enjoyed them."

Lord Dane seated himself on the sofa, Ravensbird disposing the pillows for his support, and then taking his stand by his side, while the lawyer and the detective occupied chairs opposite—and Lord Dane began:

"You may probably have heard, Mr. Detective, that Captain the Honorable William Henry Dane, as I was then, went over the cliff one moonlight night, by accident or by treachery, and lost his life; that his body was turned up by the sea some weeks afterwards, and buried in the family vault."

"I have heard this," replied Mr. Blair. "Bruff, the butler at the castle, a sociable spirit if encouraged, has been fond of visiting my room since my sojourn here and entertaining me with various items of the family's history—all in good faith. He is proud to tell laudatory tales of the Danes."

"I had been staying at home for some time," proceeded Lord Dane, "and was engaged to my mother's niece and ward, Lady Adelaide Errol. I don't mind telling you, Mr. Blair, for you may have lost your head for a woman yourself, that I was madly and blindly in love with her, fascinated by her beauty. I say blindly—had I not been blind, I might have seen that her love was given to another. This was the man to enlighten me" (touching Ravensbird's arm). "He came to me in my chamber one morning, in his true regard for my welfare and honor, and warned me that Lady Adelaide was deceiving me; that she loved my cousin, Mr. Herbert Dane, and that he returned her love; when he went on to say that they met almost nightly in the ruins of the chapel—you know them, on the edge of the cliff—met for their lovers' endearments, their confidential converse, their ridicule and deceit of me. Then my passion broke forth, and I kicked him, Ravensbird, my faithful friend and servant, down the stairs, discharging him on the spot. In my blind infatuation for Lady Adelaide, I thought he was but traducing her, and I visited it upon him. What made me more angry than anything, was the accusation that she stole out at night to visit the ruins and meet her lover—my childlike, gentle Adelaide!"

"Daneshold never could come at the cause of quarrel between you and Ravensbird," put in Mr. Apperly; but Lord Dane went on.

"A friend of mine, Colonel Moncton, had his yacht in the harbor. I had dined with him on board the previous evening, and on this morning he came up to call at the castle. I walked out with him afterwards, and was showing him the locality. We went into the ruins, and there I picked up a small bow of pink ribbon, whose centre was a pearl, which I knew Lady Adelaide had worn on the front of her dress the previous evening, for I had seen her dressed for dinner before I went down to the yacht. All in an instant it flashed upon me that Ravensbird had told me truth, for, unless she had visited the ruins the previous night, the bow could not have come there. My blood was boiling over, and I determined that not a day should pass before I had it out. I met Herbert Dane, and told him I should step into his house to smoke a cigar that evening, intending in my own mind to tax him with the treachery."

"He said he was expecting you," again interrupted Mr. Apperly. "And we found him at home waiting for you, after your fall from the cliff."

"Not *waiting* for me," significantly returned Lord Dane. "Evening came. I had promised Moncton to dine on board and say farewell, for the yacht was to sail with the tide. I did not go. I had brooded over my wrongs all the afternoon, and felt in no fit state even for Moncton's society, and I dined at home with Lord and Lady Dane and Adelaide. We had no guests that evening. After dinner I took my way to the ruins, resolved to watch the meeting between them, should there be one. I felt half mad to think that I had been so gulled; to know that Adelaide had but tampered with me; to feel that her love was another's. Inside the ruins I waited, and presently I saw Herbert Dane come stealing over the grass, keeping as much in the shade as he could, for I think the moon was never brighter. Cautiously he came up, came inside, and all but touched me as I stood close to one of the apertures. Whether he heard my breathing, whether I made any movement, I don't know, but he evidently became aware that some one was there. He took it to be her for whom he waited. 'Adelaide, my dearest, is it you?' he whispered, and the words unnerved me. In my passionate rage I seized hold of him and shook him; I reproached him with his base treachery; I told him he should fight me on the next day. He retorted, and, quarreling vehemently, we made our way outside the ruins, close to the edge of the cliff. There it came to a struggle, and there I saw Lady Adelaide, who must have come up meanwhile, quickly step out of the ruins and gaze at us. In the same moment we got on the edge, and I lost my footing and fell——"

"Then it was Herbert Dane who flung you over?" eagerly inquired Mr. Apperly, in his eagerness. "We have never known whom to suspect."

"It was Herbert Dane. I do not think it was purposely done. He was trying to fling me to the ground, but not over the cliff; I was trying to fling him, and I lost my footing, I say, and fell. In the instant of the fall my ear caught Lady Adelaide's shrill scream."

"She ran screaming back to the castle half dead with terror," exclaimed Mr. Apperly, whose mercurial temperament could not be still. "But she did not recognize either you or Mr. Herbert Dane."

"She recognized us both," returned Lord Dane; "it is absurd to suppose otherwise. It was light as day, I say. I know that she denied it. I have talked it all over with Ravensbird, over and over again, since I lay here, and I say that Lady Adelaide must have recognized us. Love for Herbert Dane may have kept her silent, or fear lest her own name should be brought in did she betray that it was with him I struggled. I hear that, after this, she refused to continue her friendship with Herbert Dane. I am glad she had so much grace."

"She may have looked upon him as a murderer in intention as well as in actuality. Most persons thought the murderer was a packman."

"Oh, that packman was nothing," said Lord Dane. "As I was crossing the heights to the ruins some fellow accosted me, opened a small box or tray of wares, and importuned me to buy. I refused, harshly enough, I dare say, for I was in no mood of suavity, and the fellow grew loud and insulting. I promised him if he did not be off I would call forth the servants from my father's castle to convey him and his pack to the lockup, and away he hurried."

"And how were you rescued after the fall?" again began Mr. Apperly, while the detective sat perfectly silent, as he had done from the first.

"By one of those interpositions of Providence that no doubt come direct from heaven," solemnly repeated Lord Dane. "Moncton, disappointed of seeing me on board, anxious to bid me fare well, caused his yacht to heave-to when she was abreast of the castle, put off in the boat with a hand, and came to the very spot where I was lying, intending to seek me at the castle. Now, mark you, he was not well acquainted with the coast, and he mistook this small spot of beach for the larger one above, where steps wind up the cliff. What do you call that but Providence? He found me lying there insensible, he thought dead, and he found that there was no road to the heights from that place. He put me in the boat with the help of the sailor, and they pulled back to the yacht. I revived. I was very much bruised and hurt, but no bones were broken. They had a surgeon on board, a young man who had come with them from the States for what he called a spree. Moncton was for putting the yacht back to port, but I, smarting under the infamous deceit of Lady Adelaide, preferred to go with him on the voyage. I did not care if England never saw me again, and the farther I was away from it the better. The yacht touched here and touched there, reaching the States at last, long before I was well; in fact, this complaint that I am dying from was no doubt induced by that fall. I ought to have written to them at home, at least to tell them that I was in the land of the living, but I put it off and put it off, and the next thing that overtook me was a fever, a long, nervous fever, rendering me incapable in mind and in body. When I was sufficiently well to hear the news, Moncton informed me of the death of my mother; he had seen it in the papers many weeks back; had kept them, now put them into my hand. 'I must write to my father,' I said to him, but that very same day fresh newspapers came in, bringing accounts of the death of Lord Dane."

"Ah! they were not long apart," said Mr. Apperly. "My lord went off quite sudden at the last, and never signed his will. Mr. Herbert succeeded then."

"Yes, Herbert succeeded," replied Lord Dane, with emotion; "but I never suspected that he did. I saw mentioned occasionally in the English journals, 'Geoffry, Lord Dane,' and it never occurred to me that it was other than my brother Geoffry, the direct heir. Had I known it was Herbert, and that I myself was the true Lord Dane, the first and fastest steamer would have brought me over. I had not been friendly with my brother Geoffry; he was overbearing and tyrannical, and I did not care to return, neither did I care to write. England had lost her attractions for me, and I had ceased relations with her. I knew that I should inherit nothing under my father's will—my fortune had been paid to me when I came of age. Therefore, I stayed on, giving no token home of my existence, my residence being chiefly in America, though I traveled pretty well over the globe, Europe excepted. When I found my health failing, failing probably to a fatal termination, then I turned my thoughts to home, and lost no time in returning thither. We took our passage in the 'Wind,' eleven hundred tons register, New York. She brought us safely to this, my own native spot, and wrecked us on it. That was strange," he musingly added, but after a moment's pause went on. "But for my son's interest I do not suppose I should have troubled the old country again——"

"Your son?" said Mr. Blair, interrupting for the first time.

"Yes, sir, my son," returned the narrator, his agitation rising. "The gentleman whom you and Squire Lester and Herbert Dane have, between you, ordered into custody to-day on a charge of midnight plundering, he is my son."

"He! William Lydney!" continued the inspector, astonished for once in his life.

"He, and no other, sir. He is the Honorable William Dane, one of your future peers. Do you think *he* broke into George Lester's house?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Blair, surprised out of his equanimity.

"I had never lighted upon any account of the marriage of Lord Dane, (always supposing it to be my brother Geoffry,) and, failing in children of his own, of course William was his heir, after me; for that reason, and to establish his rights, I came home. We were wrecked—and saved; all that we had with us went down, save a few papers and letters in William's pockets, who was dressed when the catastrophe occurred, sufficient to establish our identity with the agents in London of our American bankers; otherwise we might have been at a temporary strait for money here——"

"Never, my lord," put in Ravensbird, "so far as my narrow means could prevent it."

"Knowing me for Lord Dane, perhaps not, Ravensbird," smiled his master. "But you might not have been so ready to help two distressed unknown shipwrecked travelers."

"My lord," spoke Mr. Apperly, who was dying to have his curiosity gratified, "how *does* that young gentleman come to be your son? You must have made an early marriage."

"I did make an early marriage," replied Lord Dane. "I was not much more than of age. I married the daughter of a French merchant and banker, who had settled in the States, and I married her in secret. Her father had a bitter prejudice against the English, arising from a grievous wrong done to his family by an English officer in the time of the Napoleon war. I was an English officer, and he told her plainly he would rather see her in the grave than my wife. On my own side, I knew that my family, always a haughty one, would never sanction my alliance with a merchant's daughter, and the result was that we were married in secret, and contrived to keep it a secret. My wife lived on, unsuspected, at her father's home, making plausible absences from it occasionally. During one of these William was born, and was christened Geoffry William Lydney. As the boy grew he was introduced by my wife to her father's house as the child of a friend, and from that time there was no difficulty in her having him there much, for the old gentleman grew to like him, and to ask for him. Still we did not dare tell our secret, and the years passed on. We waited patiently for the time that death, in the course of nature, would take him, and release us from our bondage. Alas, death came, as it often does come, where it is not expected. The old gentleman died; that was expected, leaving his accumulated riches to his daughter; but ere we had well declared our position, and inherited, she also died; died from a neglected cold. After the lapse of a few months, I came on a visit to England, and to my father's, at Dane Castle, and there my senses became enthralled by the charms of Lady Adelaide. I did not tell Lord and Lady Dane of my marriage, or of my boy; I had no particular motive for the reticence, save that I felt a constant unwillingness to enter upon it. You must remember that I was not the heir, my brother Geoffry's was a good life, and I never cast a thought to the probability of inheriting. Had I done so, I should have been the first to declare that I had a son. I did tell Adelaide. In one of our confidential interviews I told her I had made an early and secret marriage, and that my wife was dead. I bound her in honor to secresy, and so far as I know, she has observed it. I did not mention William; a feeling prompted me not to; but I meant to have told her of him before we married. William's very large fortune in his own right, inherited from his mother, would prevent any jealous unpleasantness on pecuniary scores. Now you perceive how it is that William Lydney—as he has called himself here—is my son."

"It's like the winding up of a comedy," cried Mr. Apperly.

"The comedy is not wound up yet," retorted Lord Dane. "And now, Mr. Detective," he added, turning to that gentleman, "I come to the part that more particularly concerns you. There was cast up from the wreck a box, which was claimed by William—a japanned box, with the initials 'V. V. V.' upon it, surmounted by a Maltese cross. While he came here to get assistance to remove it, my Lord Dane goes on the beach, sees the box, and orders it up to the castle. Why did he do this?"

Lord Dane stopped, but his question was not answered.

"Because he recognized it; recognized it as my mother's box—one that she had given me when I first went abroad. There is not the slightest doubt that he must have known it again, for he had seen it many and many a score of times at the castle in earlier days; and Mitchel, whom Ravensbird questioned, says that he appeared struck with its appearance. The initials stood for her maiden name, Verena Vincent Verner, General Vincent having been her uncle: and the Maltese cross had been added to them, in a freak, by her brother, young Verner. He had borrowed the box of her, and when it came back it was embellished with the cross. This box she gave to me when I was going out with my regiment, and the very day I was putting my papers and best treasures in it, Herbert Dane stood by and helped me. Yes, he recognized the box, and that's why he laid his hasty hands upon it and sent it to the castle."

Mr. Blair drew his chair a few inches nearer Lord Dane. His part was indeed beginning now, and the plot was getting interesting.

"What he may have feared, what he may have thought, I do not pretend to say, when he saw it on the beach. He may have arrived at a doubt whether I was not yet alive; or he may have feared that some one was bringing my effects to England, and was preparing to denounce him as my destroyer. I say I cannot fathom his precise thoughts and motives, but that he holds that box securely housed in the castle—unless he has destroyed it and its contents with it—is my unshakable conviction."

"Permit me," said Mr. Blair, interposing. "Will your lordship inform me what its contents were?"

"They were varied, sir. Papers and documents relating to my property in America, for my money is invested there, and to that of my son. My will was also in it. All these can be replaced: but what I fear can never be replaced, are the testamentary papers relating to my marriage and to my son's birth. The clergyman who united us is dead, the witnesses are dead; altogether, if these are lost, I might never be able to prove, to the satisfaction of British law,

that William is my veritable, legitimate son. See you not how valuable the suppression of them would be to Herbert Dane? I cannot last long, and failing the proof of William's title, he would be the next baron by right of law."

The detective nodded his head; he saw it all now clearly.

"That box has been the cause of my remaining on in this house in secrecy and seclusion," continued Lord Dane. "I never intended, you may be sure, to return home otherwise than openly, than as my own proper self: but the moment the life-boat had saved us—for which we may thank young Lester—came the knowledge that the box was lost, and all else we had had with us. I told William that night it would be better to remain incog. for a time, till we could see what must be done. I did not choose, you see, to bring him home and introduce him as my son and heir, without being able to prove the fact, were I challenged to do it. Then burst upon me the knowledge that my own brother had long been dead, and that he who reigned as the baron was Herbert Dane. All the more cause for my going to work cautiously. The box at present may be intact; at any rate, not destroyed; but were I to make a stir, and it came to his knowledge that I am here, and that William is my son, he might burn the contents wholesale."

"I understood that the castle had been thoroughly searched, and that no such box was there," observed Mr. Blair.

"So did I," said Lord Dane. "William brought me home the news from the police-inspector, and it has troubled me much. But for that, I might have gone about matters in a bolder manner. The fact is, I have been ill all along, in daily hopes of getting better, and I put it off until I should be so. It appears now that I never shall be."

"The chances are that he has removed it from the castle," mused Mr. Blair. "Young told me the search was as efficient as he could make it. But again, it was, by all accounts, very heavy, and he must have had help to do this: would he risk that, under the noise that has been made? I suppose," he continued, stroking his chin, and speaking half in a soliloquy, half as a question to Lord Dane, "that there are no secret hiding-places in the castle?"

"I cannot say; if there are, I do not know of them," was the emphatic answer of Lord Dane. "I never heard the supposition mentioned till the other day. William came in contact with Ben Beecher—a loose, devil-may-care set those Beechers always were—and, by something that accidentally transpired, William thought Beecher or his companions had been concerned in the abstraction of the box, and that through Beecher he might get it again. It came to nothing, but he has met Beecher occasionally since—the box, mind you, being the object—and the man persists in it to him that there are secret places in the castle, old Beecher vouching for it."

"I know of one," observed Mr. Apperly, while they all turned to him with redoubled interest. "In the strong-room——"

"Which do you call the strong-room?" interrupted Lord Dane.

"The death-room, as it was in your time, my lord; but the present owner of the castle chose to change the name, not liking, possibly, the associations the word death gave as connected with your supposed fate. In the trestle-closet in that room there is a hidden spring; press it, and the side of the closet slowly opens like a door: plenty of space there to conceal any thing. It came to my knowledge by accident. I went to the death-room once in search of the old Lord Dane, and he, not expecting me or any one else, had the place open. He commanded my secresy: tradition went that the castle had once, it was in his grandfather's time, been a refuge for the booty of smugglers, and his lordship, honorable and haughty, liked not that coloring should be added to the tale. I informed the present lord of that place—I mean Mr. Herbert."

"You!"

"I did, my lord. It was just after he came into the title. We were speaking of the castle and its rooms, and I told him of that hiding-spot, and showed it to him. He was the only and legitimate lord, as I believed, and had more right to the secret than I."

"Then, by heaven, that's where my box is!" uttered Lord Dane, rising from his seat in excitement. "And now what's to be done?" he feverishly asked of the detective. "Plenty of clue to work upon now."

"Your lordship must give me a few hours for deliberation. As you have observed, we must act cautiously, lest he become alarmed and destroy it. We might get a search-warrant for the castle, but he is the lord-lieutenant still, and might cancel it. None in the county possess his authority. There is no immediate hurry for to-day, and I must mature my plans. It may be necessary, however, for me to apply to Sir Richard Mayne."

"And my son?" imperiously spoke Lord Dane. "Will you suffer him to remain in custody?"

"That he cannot be guilty, is perfectly clear to my mind," returned Mr. Blair, "and I will release him on my own responsibility, provided he shall satisfactorily account to me for his presence at Mr. Lester's with those men last night. Can your lordship explain it?"

"No, I cannot," replied Lord Dane. "I will drop a few pencilled words to him, and tell him to confide in you. He may do it."

"In all security. He may tell me as a friend, not as a detective."

The words were written, and Mr. Blair departed with them to the police-station, leaving his lordship, the lawyer, and Ravensbird setting their wits to work over the box and the hiding-place.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

No Success without Work.—When Charles Dickens said that all that he had accomplished had been achieved by diligent, patient, persevering application, he only stated what has been the experience of every successful man. Nothing is more important to young men than that they should early learn and fully comprehend this great truth. It is step by step, by toilsome effort added to toilsome effort, that all great achievements are made. As has been well remarked, there is no royal road to learning. Neither is there any royal road to anything else of great value in this life. Work—steady, long-continued and regular application—is the only price for which anything worth the having can be bought. There is no great success of any kind without great labor.

BEES AMONG THE LIMES.

BY JANE DIXON.

The humming bees! the humming bees!
They haunt the spreading limes;
Their murmured quest among the trees
Is soft as far-off chimes.
All round about their honey-springs
In fragrant linden-blow,
A choral harmony of wings
Floats ever to and fro.

O summer sounds and summer sweets!
The same, and not the same,
Once stirred my heart to fuller beats,
As sir enkindles flame.
And if ye have a wider range
Of meaning now for me,
What soul would lovingly exchange
Bright Hope for Memory?

For Hope is music born of joy:
She whispers to the young,
"Be happy! Let no base alloy
Of self be on your tongue!
So shall my honey-bee, content,
Find sweet as linden-blow,
With gratitude for blessings lent,
Your flowers of life below."

But Memory has a tone of grief
In years fast growing old,
When what was once a fair green leaf,
Lies yellowing on the mould.
O Memory! Leave bright hope to me!
Hope, born in bygone times,
Hope, soothing as this harmony
Of bees among the limes!

THE PACKER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

As the school year of 1875 is about beginning, we shall confer a favor upon the readers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST by directing their attention to an institution which stands at the head of the female seminaries of learning in the United States.

Twenty-eight years of successful activity have made the Institute widely and favorably known for the thoroughness of its discipline, the breadth and solidity of its culture, and the excellence of its moral and intellectual training, as witnessed in the character and attainments of hundreds of women whom it has sent out, fitted by its care for the various duties of life, to all parts of the land. Every State in the Union is represented on its list of graduates, while its rolls contain the names of many pupils from other countries.

While giving due attention to what are termed accomplishments, the aim of its conductors has been not to sacrifice substantial education to mere graceful cultivation, but to maintain a system of imparting knowledge together with the habits of its practical use, which shall be lasting in its influence and abundant in its fruits. Their policy has been the reverse of "sensational," and they have sought for the institution an enduring reputation, founded upon years of success, in the best sense of the word, rather than an ephemeral popularity.

The first thing which deserves to be mentioned among the advantages of the Institute is its peculiarly fortunate situation and surroundings. It has all the attractions without the objectionable circumstances of an establishment in a great and central city. Brooklyn is the third municipality of the Union, numbering nearly five hundred thousand inhabitants, yet is notably a city of homes. A close neighbor of New York, it is at the same time wholly separated from it. The facilities thus secured are obvious. It is easy of access, lines of travel from all parts of the world converging to its doors. All the resources of New York, those of a general nature, and those especially adapted to its educational purpose, are readily commanded; while at the same time the quiet, repose and healthfulness, which are so essential to a scholastic life, and which are looked for rather in a country town than in a crowded metropolis, are singularly characteristic of the City of Churches.

The annual circular of the trustees says that "the building, with its ample grounds, is a model in all that pertains to the improvement, health and comfort of the pupils." This very brief description might be amplified beyond the limit of our present space. The engraving which accompanies this sketch gives but an imperfect view of the architectural and garden features of the Packer Institute. Its grounds extend through the depth of an entire block, fronting on Joralemon and Livingston streets. They lie between two of the best known avenues of the city—Court and Clinton streets; and while they are secluded from the noisy thoroughfares, the locality is central, within a few steps of the City Hall, the Academy of Music, the Gallery of the Art Association, the Mercantile Library, and other public buildings, while the principal churches are not far removed. The New York ferries may be reached in a walk of a few minutes, while street railroads, radiating to all parts of the city, are distant but two blocks.

The home for non-resident pupils adjoins the Institute, and is connected with it by a covered hallway. It is a large double building, four stories high, commodious and well appointed. Besides its own grounds it has the advantage of the beautiful gardens of the Institute, with its abundant flowers and plants, broad walks and beautiful fountain.

The house is under the management of Miss Elizabeth J. Smith, who has been a member of the Packer faculty for twenty-two years. Ample experience, at the Institute and elsewhere, has added large practical skill to a rare natural adaptability to educational work. The non-resident pupils are in her immediate care, and are assured, in addition to the opportunities for culture which the Institute affords, all the wholesome influences and watchful solicitude of a refined home. Miss Smith has, in the performance of her important duties, the constant and hearty co-operation of the president of the Institute, Dr. A. Crittenden, and of Professor D. G. Eaton.

Besides the regular course of study at the Institute, instruction in vocal and instrumental music is given in Miss Smith's family by the best teachers, and a French governess is available for pupils from abroad.

Under Miss Smith's administration the young ladies are carefully provided for in other things than the study of books. Physical education, so often overlooked in the pursuits of knowledge, and without which that pursuit itself is apt to fail, receives particular attention. Not only is opportunity afforded for daily exercise in the open air, in the grounds and gardens of the house and the Institute, and in walks in the quiet and beautiful streets of the city, but it is insisted upon as a wise rule of the establishment. Religious instruction, with scrupulous avoidance of everything like sectarianism, is given to the members of the family, whose regular attendance at church is also required, the choice of churches being left with their parents and guardians.

In this home the pupils have all the advantages of association with the Institute, together with the other privileges and benefits which result from a separate domestic establishment.

The trustees of the Packer say in their circular that the object of the Institute is "to furnish to young ladies all the advantages for thorough and complete education that are enjoyed in our best appointed colleges;" and the trustees have ample means for executing their large and liberal plans. There are a Preparatory Department, three Academic Departments, and a Collegiate Department, in all of which the studies are thorough and comprehensive, including in some of them unusually high grades. The teachers are the best that can be procured from a wide field of selection upon the most generous terms of compensation.

"The Institute," the circular further informs us, "is furnished with extensive apparatus for experiments in Chemistry and Natural Philosophy; with a superior compound Microscope, manufactured by Ross, of London; Browning's Model Spectroscope, with four prisms, capable of showing the nickel line between the D lines of the solar spectrum; a large Ruhmkorff Coil; a valuable set of Geissler Tubes; a large Holtz Electric Machine; Duboscq's Automatic Electric Lamp and Lantern, and a complete apparatus for polarization, diffraction, fluorescence, etc.

"It also has upwards of 400 Stereopticon slides, illustrative of Geology, Zoology, Botany, Architecture, Painting and Sculpture, together with views of places of historic interest, and ruins of archæological importance.

"For Acoustics, it possesses a Grand Soufflerie, manufactured for the Polytechnic School in Paris, by M. Koenig, with a full set of open and closed organ pipes, reed instruments, trumpet tubes, a siren, also a full set of diapason harmonics, a set of 10 Helmholtz resonators, Crova's apparatus for the projection of vibratory motion, etc.

"For Physiology, it possesses, through the liberality of a former pupil, a valuable cabinet, including a Skeleton, Manikin, and other Clastic models.

"The Observatory is provided with a good Achromatic Telescope of six-inch object glass. The instrument is equatorially mounted, and is provided with right ascension and declination circles, and a good spider-line micrometer.

"The Institution is also provided with a large and well-selected Library, which comprises the leading standard authors in the various branches of Literature, Science and Art, to which valuable additions are being made every year.

"Special prominence is given in the Collegiate Department to the history of Art, and the principles of Criticism. Peculiar facilities for the prosecution of these studies are afforded by the importation of an extensive series of choice photographs, illustrating the various schools of architecture. This collection also includes a number of photographs of paintings, which have been carefully selected, to illustrate the composition and grouping of the best masters.

"Casts of antique and other statues have recently been imported, not only for the use of students of the Art Manual, and for models in drawing, but as a means of culture to all the pupils, who are, by the daily sight of these works of art, familiarized with the purest types of beauty in form and expression.

"In addition to the familiar Lectures, given informally on subjects connected with the health, manner, and appropriate duties of young ladies, full courses, with experiments and illustrations, are given on Physiology, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. Besides the Lectures mentioned above, others are given during the year, on popular science, contemporaneous history, travels, etc."

The Packer building—which is of brick, eighty feet by one hundred and twenty-five, five stories high, with an observatory ninety feet from the ground, and is of the French Gothic style of architecture—contains more than thirty school-rooms, with other apartments, a chapel seating eight hundred persons, and a lecture-room seating one hundred and fifty.

In the beautiful Gothic chapel—which contains a Hook organ and a Weber grand piano-forte—the citizens of Brooklyn, as well as strangers visiting the city, have frequent opportunities of observing the proficiency of the pupils in various branches of study. Besides the annual commencements, which are occasions of great interest and at which the attendance is limited only by the capacity of the chapel, there are Friday afternoon exercises, consisting of readings by the pupils of original essays or selections, vocal and instrumental music, with frequent literary and scientific lectures. To these the public is invited.

The Packer students will reassemble on the 15th of September, and it is expected that the usually large number in attendance will this year be larger than ever. Persons desiring to avail themselves of the exceptional opportunities offered should lose no time in making their engagements, and thus avoid the disappointment of being crowded out. Applications for catalogues and full information may be made to Miss Elizabeth J. Smith or to President Crittenden, at the Institute.

We may say in conclusion, that while the Packer Collegiate Institute has been for more than a quarter of a century one of the prominent features of Brooklyn, it has in that time secured an honorable celebrity as wide as the continent, and has made the city itself pleasant in the memory of thousands who associate with it their own scholastic lives, or those of their wives and daughters and mothers.

THE PACKER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN.

THROUGH FORBIDDEN PATHS.

By CLIO STANLEY.

Author of "Faithful Margaret," "Shadows of a Ghost," "And Then," Etc., Etc., Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 52, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOME AGAIN.

Kind-hearted Doctor Matthews was sitting alone in his office, thinking of many things that were a weariness to the flesh, when he received, by the same mail, two letters—one from Mrs. Hawthorne, the other from Phyllis.

The first he had expected, for Darley Gifford had returned the week before, and had told him of the murder of Guy Hawthorne, and of the sudden appearance of the first Mrs. Hawthorne, and the as sudden disappearance of the second wife, who, it was now proved had never been a wife at all.

To say that the doctor was shocked when he first heard the story, is to express his feelings very mildly. He was absolutely horrified, and refused to believe it until he had the grave opened, and found nothing there but an empty coffin with the handsome silver handles, which had been solid, wrenched off.

"But how did he guess that she was alive?" asked the doctor. "I never suspected such a thing, and I expect I have had more experience with dead folks than this Monsieur Feder."

"You may have all the experience of the world, yet you would have failed to detect the trick," said Darley. "They said that he had given her something—some powerful Indian herb, which had given her the appearance of death—and then had taken her up the night of the burial, in time to prevent the final catastrophe. But what his object was is still a mystery, unless——"

"Unless what?" the doctor asked, hastily.

"Well, it is almost too horrible to think of, but I did hear it suggested that her husband might have hired this Feder to put his wife out of the way, and he had only put her to sleep instead. I suspect he was jealous of the beautiful Felicie, and wanted to have the means at hand to prevent her from becoming Mrs. Hawthorne."

"But," cried the doctor, shocked beyond expression, "you said he had married her?"

"So he had. They had fooled the Frenchman, and he revenged himself by this murder. He shot him in his own house, in presence of the wicked Felicie, and some relations of hers who have turned up rather queerly. The strangest thing of all is, that Feder had hid his victim away in the very house where Felicie Montcontour's own mother, supposed to be dead years ago, was living with her sister and her sister's husband, two characters, by the way, worth studying. This Judith Nickerson testified to the day and hour when the dead Mrs. Hawthorne was brought to her house, and told of the wonderful awakening in her spare room. Oh, you may well stare, doctor. I didn't know whether I was in my right senses or not while I listened to the strange story! It is a fact, that truth is stranger than fiction!"

"But what of my little Phyllis? Did you leave her with her mother? and why didn't you stay with them?"

"Phyllis was not there, and nobody seemed to know where she was. Her mother thinks she is in New York, with that queer little Polly Topton for a companion; and I couldn't wait for foreign forms to be gone through with. I hurried back to you, and now that you have heard all I have to tell, I want your advice. In the first place, though, I am going back to New York to-morrow to search for my poor, lost darling——"

Doctor Matthews laughed.

"It strikes me that you haven't waited for my advice. But you cannot do better than to go at once; and if I can help you in any way, let me know. I shall wait here for further developments. Your best plan, I take it, will be to advertise in all the city papers."

"Yes, I had thought of that. And I shall write you every day, for if I get disheartened I shall depend on you for encouragement."

And with a squeeze of his hand, that made the old doctor's eyes water, Darley Gifford rushed off to take the cars for the city.

So far he had been unsuccessful; and it was perhaps the happiest hour of the old doctor's life, when he opened and read Phyllis Hawthorne's long letter.

The moment he had finished it he jumped into his carriage, drove to the nearest telegraph office, and sent the following short message.

"TO DARLEY GIFFORD, ESQ.—Find the lost treasure at No. 144 East Forty-second street. Inquire for Fields."

But the message came half an hour too late. That very morning, as he was finishing his rather late breakfast, a servant informed him that a gentleman wished to see him in the parlor, and handed him a card bearing the name of a stranger—Edgar Fields.

He waited to swallow the last morsel of toast on his plate and drink a last cup of coffee before he went in.

As he entered the room, a gentleman—he saw that at a glance—rose to meet him.

"Doctor Gifford, I presume?"

"The same, sir, at your service. Though I cannot recollect ever seeing you before the present moment."

"You are right there, though I hope we shall be better acquainted in the future. You advertised in the Herald for information in regard to the whereabouts of Miss Phyllis H——, or her late companion, Miss Polly Topton. Am I right?"

"Do you know where Phyllis Hawthorne is? If you do, I beg of you not to keep me in suspense."

And Darley Gifford seized the gentleman's hand, and came as near crushing it as he had done that of Dr. Matthews.

"I do know. The ladies are both at my mother's house, her guests at present. Miss Topton is my affianced wife, but positively refuses to make me a happy man until a certain missing friend of Miss Hawthorne's is found. The name of that friend is the same as your own."

"God bless you, Mr. Fields. But is she well? Let us go to her at once!" he cried, crushing on his head a hat which he happened to see on a chair near him, but which certainly was not his own.

"They are *both* well," was the pointed reply. "My mother has undertaken to tell Miss Hawthorne of your possible arrival, and she will probably be expecting you."

"And little Polly is to be your wife?" he asked, with a side glance, as they walked rapidly away.

"She has promised," was Edgar's proud reply. "And I am sure a sweeter, or a nobler little woman the sun seldom shines on!"

"Doubtless," was the reply, in a voice trembling with excitement. "I know Phyllis always thought she was a treasure."

"And such I have found her. But I will not sing her praises now. *Her works do praise her.* And I know," he continued, smiling, "that you can only think of one person just now, and that is not my little Polly?"

"Is it far?" Darley asked, the color coming and going on his cheeks.

"We are almost there now. Number 144—all right—here we are."

But Darley Gifford had caught one glimpse of a sweet, pale face behind the lace curtains at the window, and rushing up the steps, he opened the door without waiting for an invitation, and the next instant he held Phyllis in his arms.

It is useless to describe a lovers' meeting. Those who know what such meetings are would not linger long over empty words; and those unfortunate beings who don't, would not know much about it from the most elaborate description.

Suffice it to say, that for five blessed minutes Phyllis Hawthorne's head rested on her lover's shoulder, and his arms were around her; while Polly, radiant in her friend's happiness, and knowing perchance a foretaste of her own, stood smiling in the background.

When the first rush of emotion was quelled, Mrs. Fields made her appearance, and invited the long separated lovers to follow her to the library.

"A sort of snuggery of Edgar's," she said, pleasantly, "which you can have all to yourselves, and for as long a time as you choose. Only I shall expect to see you at dinner. We dine at two o'clock, and I hope you will have settled all unsettled matters by that time."

She swept gracefully out of the room, softly shutting the door behind her.

Polly stood just where she had left her, in the hall, and Edgar was saying something in a low tone, which brought a still brighter color to cheeks that were always bright as the dawn.

Mrs. Fields went close to her, and resting one hand lightly on her shoulder, she bent down and kissed the pure face.

"My little daughter!" she said. And Polly thought the tone was the kindest, and the face the fairest she had ever known.

"My little daughter, take this kiss as an earnest of my affection. What is dear to my son, must needs be dear to me!"

And drawing the brown, dimpled hand through her arm, she led her away upstairs, whither the young doctor soon followed them.

Darley Gifford did not at first tell Phyllis of her mother's recovery. He feared it would be too great a shock; but the next day she heard it all.

And with the fond impatience of love, she waited the arrival of the next steamer.

The days passed swiftly away. They could not be wearisome when Darley was constantly by her side; and Mrs. Fields and Edgar and her faithful Polly were ever on the watch to avert any shadow of pain from the pale, sweet face, which was beginning to regain its lost roses.

And the day of days came at last!

Phyllis Hawthorne sobbed out her joy in her mother's arms.

Oh, think, you who have kissed a mother's lips for the last time on earth, who have caught the sigh of the last fleeting breath, who have watched the light of knowledge and of loving recognition go out in the sightless eye, who have felt the clasp loosen and drop away forever; think what it would be to have her come back, a living, breathing, loving mother, from the shadow of the unknown land!

No! you cannot imagine it! No mortal lips can tell you what such a joy would be like!

But all this Phyllis Hawthorne knew!

Was it any wonder that the light of perfect unshadowed delight shone in her beautiful eyes? Was it a marvel that life was henceforth to her a bower of bliss in which her soul, like a bird, sat and sang the blessed daylights away?

Of course, there were many tears shed for the father she had loved. But they were all wiped away, and the very key of sorrow had opened the golden door of consolation.

From a knowledge of human frailty, she came to understand and appreciate the worth of the love of an infinite Savior.

Darley Gifford had written to good old Doctor Matthews, and he left his patients to take care of themselves—which was, perhaps, a wholesome change—and came as fast as steam could bring him, to get his share of enjoyment out of the wonderful re-union.

And when once there, he found he had his hands full.

There was a world of business to settle, and he could not conveniently drop it on any other shoulders.

And that over, he had to stay to the new house-warming. Hawthorne Banks had already passed into strangers' hands, but the new abode was the cosiest and most comfortable home to be found for miles around.

And the happy family gathered within those four walls felt no longer the brooding shadow of care.

They were once more at home.

CHAPTER XXXII.

POLLY'S TRAY OF RUFFLES.

Dusky shadows were gathering in the house, and through all the halls and rooms there was a pleasant quietness.

Mrs. Hawthorne was lying down in her own room, resting, in that pleasant half hour that was left of the twilight.

She had been busy and excited all day, and for many days, for Phyllis was to be married in a week, and there was not an article of adornment that did not pass under her mother's loving scrutiny.

Phyllis and her lover had gone out for their usual twilight walk, and it would be foolish to suppose that they would be back very soon, so Polly Topton had the house to herself.

"And I'm glad of it," she said to herself, as she walked down the stairs, with her plump little hand slipping over the hand rail; "I'm very glad of it, for I've that tray of ruffles to crimp, and Phyllis would never let me do it if she was here. As if I would let any hand but mine touch them, when I know it will be the last time I can do anything for her!"

By this time she had reached the back parlor, which was empty, and had lighted one of the gas jets, and drawn up her chair to the round stand upon which stood the tray of dainty white ruffles destined to adorn the slender neck and wrists of Mrs. Darley Gifford.

"It's the next thing to being married myself," she said, softly, just under her breath. "Indeed, I don't know as I shall enjoy my own wedding day, if it ever comes, more than I shall this one. She has been a dear, good mistress, and a dearer, better friend, and I'm sure I wish her all the happiness she can find in this world."

And Polly laid the first ruffle, a narrow bit of muslin, sheer and fine, with a dainty thread edge, aside, and took up another.

"To think that trouble and poverty and tribulation should have come upon me, just that I might find my lover. And to think that he should be a gentleman, though I'm sure I never could have loved anybody that wasn't one, and willing to stoop down to me—me, Polly Topton, who two years ago was next door to a beggar! *That* I do think is the very prettiest one on the tray," she said, rather irrelevantly, as she held up a marvel of embroidered lace and balanced it on the tip of her finger. "But, dear me, I mustn't stop to admire it, or I shall never finish them before they come home."

And once more she reached out her hand. But another sweet thought had crossed her mind, and put the good resolutions to rout.

"Ah!" she said, leaning back in her chair, with a smile that beautified the honest face, "and to think that I'm to have a mother again, only for the saying so—as good and gentle and gracious a lady as ever breathed! so proud of him and yet so fond of me! Ah, me! don't I know it! Haven't I caught her sweet eyes on my face when she wasn't thinking, and didn't I read her heart many's the time! The great Father up on high has been good to me, and I'll never, never be ungrateful, come what may!"

The red, blossomy lips were shut again, and two bright tears dropped down upon her work.

"Miss Phyllis will have everything that's beautiful, and it's right she should," she continued, busy at her work. "What a queen she will look in her white silk and pearls and that lovely veil! Ah, no wonder Mr. Darley guards her as if she was the apple of his eye. Now I wonder, I do really wonder, what I shall wear when I'm married! I think I shall get a white muslin, and have two skirts, and loop it with real flowers—and maybe wear blush roses in my hair, for I cannot get a veil, and orange flowers, I dare say, wouldn't suit such a brown little thing as I am. Dear me, then, it won't matter so much after all what I wear, for I'll have the flowers of true love on my brow, and I hope the lilies of innocence in my hands. And I'll be a good wife—so good and loving and obedient, that he shall forget that I'm not fair like other women!"

So talking to herself as she worked, the busy fingers at length accomplished their task, and she got up, and pushing back the low chair, prepared to carry her dainty burden up stairs.

But there was a rush of light feet up the steps, and a ring at the door.

"There's nobody in, to answer the bell, and I'll go myself," she said, carefully setting down the tray.

But the rosy blushes chased each other over her face, as she opened the door, and stood face to face with Mrs. Fields, and saw the coachman just behind her with a trunk on his shoulder.

"I met Phyllis out walking with Mr. Gifford," Mrs. Fields said, gaily, "and she told me I should find you at home. Just show James the way to your room, Polly, dear, for I don't want to trespass on anybody's domain but yours, and this trunk has got to go somewhere."

Polly was bewildered, but she obeyed without a question, and James set down the trunk just inside her door, and went back to the carriage while Mrs. Fields, dismissing him, came up the stairs where Polly stood, looking as if she didn't quite know what had happened.

"Now my little darling, just take me into your room, and let me unlock that trunk for you."

When it was opened, she began to lay

out on the bed and the chairs piles of snowy white things, edged with the finest lace and embroidery; skirts full of the minutest possible tucks; and wrappers of cashmere and of chintz, with gay little vines and figures running over them; dresses of silk and muslin, with double skirts and bows and buttons, wonderful to see!

Last of all there was a large white box, and folded in it was the loveliest dress, Polly Topton thought, she had ever seen.

A white silk, heavy and lustreless, for the background, and on it miracles of blue corn-flowers, just the tenderest, most beautiful shade that ever peeped out of any field.

"How do you like it, Polly?" Mrs. Fields asked, enjoying her amazement. "Will it do to be married in?"

"To be married in—yes, ma'am. But the dress is done already, and she's tried it on!"

"And is there never to be but one bride for the sun to shine on? We have thought it all over, dear Polly, and have decided to have a double wedding next Thursday. You and Phyllis have shared evil days, and now you must both be happy on this best of days. The dress is Edgar's gift," she continued, as she saw that Polly was too much overcome to speak, "and the rest of the things are from your mother, dear. If I had selected the dress, it should have been all white; but there's no accounting for a man's taste. And see here, Polly, you are to wear ruffles, too!"

And tossing off the covers there was exposed to view a tray of ruffles, so much like those over which Polly had been busying herself, that, for a moment, she thought they were the same.

"Collars are going out and ruffles coming in, my dear child; and Mrs. Edgar Fields must not be out of the fashion!"

One moment Polly stood, and feasted her eyes; the next she had both arms around Mrs. Field's neck, and was whispering in her ear.

What?

Not words of thanks, not refusals to take and wear the pretty things, not regrets of her own unworthiness—no, none of these.

It was only two words she spoke, but they came straight from the heart.

"*My mother!*"

But after that, everything was easy. Polly told her just what she had been thinking of that evening, and thanked her in words that were eloquent with real feeling.

And Mrs. Fields locked the door, and persuaded Polly to try on the wonderful dress, and when she had turned her round and round to admire her, kissed her on both cheeks, and asked:

"Shall it be next Thursday, dear?"

And Polly blushed as red as a rose as she whispered:

"I don't see how I can help it!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WEDDING BELLS.

"With a white hand like a lady,
And a heart as merry as Spring,
I am ripe and I am ready
For a golden wedding-ring.

"As the earth with sea is bounded,
And the Winter-world with Spring,
So a maiden's life is rounded,
With a golden wedding-ring.

"This old world is scarce worth seeing,
Till Love waves his purple wing,
And we gauge the bliss of being,
Thro' a golden wedding ring.

"Would you draw far Edens nearer,
And to earth the angels bring,
You must seek the magic mirror
Of a golden wedding-ring.

"There's no jewel so worth wearing,
That a lover's hands may bring,
There's no treasure worth comparing
With a golden wedding-ring!"

With story-readers, as a general rule, a story ends when the wedding-bells ring!

With those of us who are dubbed *story-tellers*—who watch the innocent young maiden through her checkered life, with its joys and trials, its glad and its sorrowful days—who sympathize with each new emotion, and love the dear creature of our fancy, it is quite a different thing.

The best of the story begins, just when, on paper, we end it.

On that day of days, to whose dawning we have brought you, the skies were blue, and the earth was fair; and the sweet winds, wandering up and down the world, brought tidings of peace.

Mrs. Hawthorne's face was unclouded by a single regret, for she believed that in giving her only child to Darley Gifford, she was securing her best earthly happiness.

Darley himself was proud and satisfied, and Phyllis was content.

Wise little Polly Topton was radiant!

And Edgar, searching his mother's face, felt that he had chosen wisely, and took his beautiful wild-flower to his breast, and vowed in his own heart that she should never know a sorrow that he could avert.

And the wedding-bells rang!

Loud and clear, as if they told the burden of a thousand happy hearts, and the story of a hundred marriage morns!

And there four happy hearts in their youthful courage did take up the story, and gird themselves for the telling, while softly, into a tender silence, the sound of the bells died away.

Phyllis and Darley went home with Mrs. Hawthorne, for neither of them could bear to think of a divided household.

Phyllis declared that she did not wish to travel, and should feel much happier to settle down quietly at home, with the two dearest friends she had on earth.

But Mrs. Fields decided that Polly must see something of the world under happier auspices than she had ever seen it before, and as her wedding-present to Edgar was a check for five thousand dollars, he thought he could not do better than to please both his mother and Polly, by using it as she had desired.

They went to England, Germany, France and Italy, and when they returned, no one would ever have dreamed that Mrs. Edgar Fields was not born to purple and fine linen.

Mrs. Fields had bought and furnished the house next to her own, and our little Polly reigns there, a sweet and gentle mistress, and is the perpetual joy of her husband's heart, and, in her mother's eyes, is a very marvel of grace and fine ladyhood.

Doctor Matthews, who still has his bachelor quarters near Hawthorne Banks, is a frequent visitor at Darley's house; and as often as he sees their wedded felicity, threatens to go and hunt up good widow Martin and her crippled Jamie, and do likewise!

Whether he will ever make good his words remains to be seen!

And Phyllis, whose life began in the sunshine, but who has known so much sorrow and trouble, has found in the consolation of her dear mother's presence, and the security of her husband's love, full recompense for every sad hour of her life.

[THE END.]

DAVID MATSON.

We suppose all our readers have read the sorrowful story of "Enoch Arden," so sweetly and simply told by the great English poet? It is the story of a man who went to sea, leaving behind a sweet young wife and little daughter. He was cast away on a desert island, where he remained several years, when he was discovered and taken off by a passing vessel. Coming back to his native town, he found his wife married to an old playmate—a good man, rich and honored, and with whom she was living happily. The poor man, unwilling to cause her pain and perplexity, resolved not to make himself known to her, and lived and died alone. The poem reminds us of a very similar story of our own country, which, in its main particulars, is a true tale.

One bright summer morning, more than threescore years ago, David Matson, with his young wife and his two healthy, bare-footed boys, stood on the bank of the river near their dwelling. They were waiting there for Peter Curtis to come round the point with his wherry, and take the husband and father to the port, a few miles below. The Lively Turtle was about to sail on a voyage to Spain, and David was to go in her as mate. They stood there in the level morning sunshine talking cheerfully; but tears were in Anna Matson's blue eyes, for she loved her husband, and knew there was always danger on the sea. And David's bluff, cheery voice trembled a little now and then; for the honest sailor loved his snug home on the Merrimac, with the dear wife and her pretty boys. But presently the wherry came alongside, and David was just stepping into it, when he turned back to kiss his wife and children once more.

"In with you, man," said Peter Curtis. "There's no time for kissing and such fooleries when the tide serves."

And so they parted. Anna and the boys went back to their home; and David to the port, whence he sailed off in the Lively Turtle.

And months passed; autumn followed the summer, and winter the autumn, and then spring came, and anon it was summer on the riverside, and he did not come back.

And another year passed; and then the old sailors and fishermen shook their heads solemnly, and said that the Lively Turtle was a lost ship, and would never come back to port. And poor Anna had her gray gown dyed black, and her straw bonnet trimmed in mourning ribbons: and thenceforth she was known only as the Widow Matson.

And how was it all this time with David himself?

The Mahomedan people of Algiers and Tripoli, and Mogadore and Sallee, on the Barbary coast, had for a long time been in the habit of fitting out galleys and armed boats to seize upon the merchant vessels of Christian nations, and make slaves of their crews and passengers. The Lively Turtle fell into the hands of one of these roving sea robbers; and the crew were taken to Algiers, and sold in the market place as slaves, poor David Matson among the rest.

When a boy, he had learned the trade of a ship carpenter with his father on the Merrimac; and now he was set to work in the dockyards. His master, who was naturally a kind man, did not overwork him. He had daily his three loaves of bread; and when his clothing was worn out, its place was supplied by the coarse cloth of wool and camel's hair woven by the Border women. Three hours before sunset he was released from work; and Friday, which is the Mahomedan sabbath, was a day of entire rest. Once a year, at the season called Rhamadan, he was left at leisure for a whole week. So time went on—days, weeks, months, and years. His dark hair became gray. He still dreamed of his old home on the Merrimac, and of his good Anna and the boys. He wondered whether they yet lived, what they thought of him, and what they were doing. The hope of ever seeing them again grew fainter and fainter, and at last nearly died out; and he resigned himself to his fate as a slave for life.

But one day a handsome, middle-aged gentleman, in the dress of one of his own countrymen, attended by a great officer of the Dey, entered the ship-yard, and called up before him the American captives. The stranger was none other than Joel Barlow, Commissioner of the United States to procure the liberation of slaves belonging to that Government. He took the men by the hand as they came up, and told them they were free. As you might expect, the poor fellows were very grateful; some laughed, some wept for joy, some shouted and sung, and threw up their caps—while others, with David Matson among them, knelt down and thanked heaven for the great deliverance.

David Matson had saved a little money during his captivity, by odd jobs and work on holidays. He got a passage to Malaga, where he bought a nice shawl for his wife and a watch for each of his boys.

He then went to the quay, where an American ship was lying just ready to sail for Boston.

Almost the first man he saw on board was Peter Curtis, who had rowed him down to the port several years before. He found that his old neighbor did not know him, so changed was he with his long beard and Moorish dress; whereupon, without telling his name, he began to put questions about his old home, and finally asked him if he knew a Mrs. Matson?

"I rather think I do," said Peter: "she's my wife."

"Your wife!" cried the other. "She is mine before heaven and man. I am David Matson, and she is the mother of my children."

"And mine too!" said Peter. "I left her with a baby in her arms. If you are David Matson, your right to her is outlawed. At any rate, she is mine, and I am not the man to give her up."

"God is great!" said poor David Matson, unconsciously repeating the familiar words of Moslem submission. "His will be done. I loved her, but I shall never see her again. Give these, with my blessings, to the good woman and the boys;" and he handed over, with a sigh, the little bundle containing the gifts for his wife and children.

He shook hands with his rival.

"Peter," he said, looking back as he left the ship, "be kind to Anna and my boys."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the sailor, in a careless tone. He watched the poor man passing slowly up the narrow street until out of sight. "It's a hard case for old David," he said; "but I'm glad I've seen the last of him."

When Peter Curtis reached home he told Anna the story of her husband, and laid his gifts in her lap. She did not shriek nor faint, for she was a healthy woman with strong nerves; but she stole away by herself and wept bitterly. She lived many years afterward, but could never be persuaded to wear the pretty shawl which the husband of her youth had sent as his farewell gift. There is, however, a tradition that, in accordance with her dying wish, it was wrapped about her poor old shoulders in the coffin, and buried with her.

The little old bull's-eye watch, which is still in the possession of one of her grandchildren, is now all that remains to tell of David Matson, the lost man.

A REVIVAL OF AMERICAN COMMERCE.

The commercial report just issued by the Secretary of State is a valuable and instructive paper, and gives a clear, detailed idea of the commercial relations of the United States with foreign countries for the year ending September 30th, 1874. It is so long since any particular notice has been taken of American vessels in summing up the commerce of the world that their reappearance is truly refreshing and will give hope and confidence to our commercial classes. Since 1861 the American flag has not been displayed to any great extent at the masthead of merchant vessels in the marine marts of the world. Our ships were withdrawn during the war, and have not yet been fully replaced. But the tide of advance is steadily rising, and each year shows a marked increase over its predecessor in this respect. In regard to France, it is stated in the report that the whole tonnage entered from and cleared for the United States since 1872 amounted to 701,928 tons. This was nearly 200,000 tons in excess of the year 1871. Of the vessels entered and cleared in French ports in 1873, carrying the American flag, there were 229, amounting to 170,189 tons. Before the war the ports of France were filled with our ships, and in a few years we will have regained a good proportion of our mercantile importance in that country if a prudent and broad commercial policy is pursued at home. The same extent of increase is not shown in relation to American vessels in the ports of Great Britain. But eleven American steamers were entered in the British Isles during 1873, and when it is remembered that not a single steamer from this country was entered in the previous year, the change is truly notable. English merchants own fully two-thirds of the ships entering or leaving the harbors of that country. There was an increase of 68 per cent. in the imports from the United States to Belgium in 1873 over those of 1872, those of the former year being valued at 135,900 francs, and an additional gratifying fact can be stated from official sources that the exports from the United States to Great Britain at this time are nearly double those from England to this country. The United States export products to the value of $10,000,000 to Sweden and Norway. We receive in return articles valued at $3,000,000. This leaves a heavy balance in our favor, and, as stated in the report, proves that "even in Europe the United States can compete with foreign manufactures, for it is not exclusively native American products which form the large exports from the United States to Scandinavia." We take raw materials from other places, put them into other shapes and then sell them in the Old World at such prices as to command and hold the markets against home fabrics. In regard to the trade and commerce of South America it is stated on good authority that a reduction of duties upon various articles of commerce between the United States and Brazil has been ordered by the government of the latter country, and also that fully 80 per cent. of the trade of the vast Argentine Republic is carried on with England. This latter fact we pointed out in a recent article and urged upon the business men of Philadelphia the duty of running a line of steamships from this port to those of the country named. The actual state of American commerce is set forth in Secretary Fish's report, and while it is far from what it should be, still there has been such an advance within the last five years as to stretch a bow of promise from the present to the future, and infuse fresh energy into all classes of the commercial community.—*Philadelphia Times*

ATTENTION TO SMALL MATTERS.—It is the result of practical, every-day experience that steady attention to matters of detail lies at the root of human progress, and that diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck. Accuracy, also, is of much importance, and an invariable mark of good training in a man—accuracy in observance of affairs. What is done in business must in every particular case be done well, for it is better to accomplish perfectly a small amount of work, than to half do ten times as much. Yet in business affairs it is the manner in which even small matters are transacted, that often decide men for or against you. With virtue, capacity and good conduct in other respects, the person who is habitually accurate cannot be trusted; his work has to be done over again.

LET not sleep fall upon your eyes till you have thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone which I ought to have done? Begin this from the first act, and proceed; and, in conclusion, at the ill which you have done, be troubled, and rejoice for the good.

A Popular Error Corrected.

It is an absurd but very common error to suppose that a disordered condition of the liver can be remedied by a simple, cathartic. Such is, however, far from being the case. Cathartics do not touch the liver at all. It is only when (as in the case of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters) the laxative principle is combined with tonic and stimulative elements, that the great secretive gland is directly acted upon. The Bitters, although sufficiently laxative to relieve the bowels moderately, do not owe their anti-bilious effects to purgation merely, but to their power of rousing the liver from its inaction and impelling it to secrete and distribute the bile in sufficient quantities for the purposes of digestion and evacuation. Its effect upon the stomach and bowels is such as to ensure the regular discharge of the functions named, and prevent obstruction or vitiation of the biliary fluid—in other words, to secure entire co-operation with the liver.

LONDON BIRDS.

THE SPECIES FOUND IN THE PARKS OF THE METROPOLIS.

Only those who have tried rising with the lark know what a *rus in urbe* may be found before 9 A. M. in the London parks. Thrushes feed there late and early in the day, and even build in high trees inaccessible to boys. Chaffinches, gay as in a country orchard, may be seen there, and robins; indeed the latter penetrate, especially in winter, to the squares. There are rookeries at Kensington Palace and in Holland Park. The wood-pigeon's coo floats to the ears along with the distant roar of the awakening city from the tallest tree in Kensington Gardens and Regent's Park. In this latter locality and in Hyde Park the blackcap sings during summer. In such situations, too, the swallow tribe may be noticed, being banished there and to the suburbs by the smoke and noise. The starling, however, makes it nest on the top of the tall west-end mansions, and occasionally a few martins will build under the eaves of such houses.

The birds indigenous to London may thus be catalogued, according to the frequency of their occurring: Sparrow, redbreast, starling, rook, thrush, blackbird, blue titmouse. During the severe weather which closed 1874 fieldfares and redwings were picked up starved to death in the great west end thoroughfares. On one day, at the beginning of January, 1874, there was observed in the Temple Gardens, as the snow was melting early in the afternoon, a Royston crow, two redwings, two thrushes, a blackbird, several starlings, and a moorhen. This was a red-letter day to the town naturalist.

The enumeration of these birds will surprise those who fancy that the practical study of ornithology is impossible in London, and nothing has been said of the many summer visitants which attentive observation will discover by their notes at early morning and after the park gates are closed at night.

OPIUM SMOKERS.

Opium smoking has hitherto been popularly supposed to have a most pernicious effect upon the Chinese, unfitting them, in fact, for all mental and bodily labor. The British Vice-Consul at Kiukiang, however, has seen reason to modify his preconceived notions on this subject, and says:

"During my tour on the Upper Yangtsze and in Szechuen," he reports to the Foreign Office, "I was thrown into the closest relations with junk sailors and others, almost every adult of whom smoked more or less, and I was much struck with the effect it had on them. Their work was of the hardest and rudest, rising at four, and working with hardly any intermission till dark, having constantly to strip and plunge into the stream at all seasons, and this when in the most dangerous parts. The quantity of food they ate was simply prodigious, and from this and their work it seems fairly to be inferred that their constitution was robust. The two most addicted to the habit were the pilot and the ship's cook. On the incessant watchfulness and steady nerve of the former the safety of the junk and all on board frequently depended; while the second worked so hard from 3 A. M. to 10 P. M., and often longer, and seemed so independent of sleep or rest, that to catch him seated or idle was sufficient cause for good-humored banter. This latter had a conserve of opium and sugar, which he chewed during the day, as he was only able to smoke at night. I do not imagine that the Szechuen drug differs sufficiently from the Indian to account for these instances of harmless smoking; nor on the other hand do I wish to express it as my opinion that opium smoking does no harm; but my opinion with regard to it has been much modified; and I am bound to recognize the fact that the habit can and does exist without detriment to health or capability, merely affording a solace and a stimulant."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by Reed, Wickersham & Co., of Philadelphia, is an old and popular paper. This is an excellent family paper. The stories are written by men of the finest talent. The reading matter is good. All those wanting a good literary paper would do well to subscribe for the POST.—*Reporter and Watchtower*, Talladega, Ala.

TRUTH, which is eternally the same, has nothing to fear from the operation of conflicting opinions. She lies upon her quiet bed, at the bottom of the sea, while the surface of the element that forms her gentle covering has, perchance, been agitated by many a naval conflict.

HAVE the courage to give, occasionally, that which you can ill afford to spare; giving what you do not want nor value, neither brings nor deserves thanks in return; who is grateful for a drink of water from another's overflowing well, however delicious the draught?

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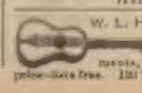

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READERS Writing to advertisers who advertise in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST please say where you saw the advertisement.

THE BOUDOIR.

There is quite a stir in the air concerning those wonderful openings, shortly to take place, and which will reveal to delighted feminine eyes so many charming new designs. We, being among the initiated, have been favored with not a few glimpses behind the scenes, but do not for one moment imagine, fair friends, that we intend to reveal all we have seen or heard until a "convenient season." We cannot refrain from giving a few leading hints as to shape of hat or bonnet, general design of dinner or reception robes, and costumes for the promenade.

The tendency in bonnets is to increase in width of crown, with rather smaller rims than were worn last season. In hats, the English walking shape, with a high crown, is much affected; also one with a medium high round crown and drooping brim in front, while at the back it is slightly turned up. These latter are principally seen in black and brown straw, and are trimmed with long scarfs of grenadine, gray, black, and brown, which either hang far down the back, or else are carelessly twined about the throat. We have seen several large Leghorn flats with low, flat crowns, and very wide rims, lined with black silk, and rolled up in all manner of fanciful designs, always allowing, however, a part of the front to droop over and shade the eyes. The trimming on the outside often consists of a folded scarf of white organdy or very sheer French muslin, tied in a large Alsatian bow, and interspersed here and there around the crown with bows of black ribbon or velvet ribbon. Plumes are no longer worn upon these country hats.

Many persons remain very late out of town, even on into October, and at some hours of the day always find these shade hats desirable. Many are entirely covered with shirrings or pleatings of white muslin. To these we have already alluded in a former issue, and so it is not necessary to repeat descriptions.

Among the seaside hats in vogue abroad, we noticed a very curious one, alike adapted for grown persons or children; it was of the pagoda shape, and made of wheat or rye straw, unsplit, and wrought in an aspen-work pattern of pointed scallops. It was lined with blue, brown or dark sea-green silk, and had a cluster of field flowers, or else a rose and buds directly upon the top of the pointed crown, while strings, to correspond in color with the lining, tied it under the low knot of hair behind.

A very novel bathing dress worthy of note from its entire difference to the prevailing style, was worn by a daring and beautiful young belle, a clear blonde, with long, golden locks, worthy of an Undine. It was of heavy merino of a deep sea-green, made to reach the top of the ankle and cut at the bottom in deep scallops, each scallop bound with white and faced with the palest tint of pink, just the shade which lines the sea-shell. Above these scallops were outlined in white, and this same shade of pink, shells, scallop shells; these were wrought up the front, and in a smaller design up the sleeves, the broad sailor collar and two pockets. Mother of pearl buttons delicately tinted, buttoned the blouse from neck to hem. A wide sash of green lined and fringed with this delicate shade of pink was folded about the waist and loosely knotted at the left side. A small sailor hat of gray straw lined with pink, and having a green scarf about it completed the most unique and charming attire for a sea-nymph that we ever saw.

We forgot to mention that the sleeves were loose, and only reached the elbow, revealing the round, white arm, that gleamed like the fabled Lorelei's of the haunted Rhine.

A pretty costume for dinner or evening during this intermediate season was of Marie Louise blue foulard. The underskirt had five graduated flounces. The overskirt had what is known as a diagonal front, that is, the trimming, which was a shirred puff of the same, crossed the middle of the front at right angles, while down each side was a row of bows of blue ribbon, one shade darker than the dress. The back was filled in with loops of the material interspersed with ends of wide ribbon to match the bows on the overskirt. The short cuirass basque was pointed back and front, simply piped with silk; square or Raphael front, surrounded with a shirred puff of silk; and the front closed by bows of ribbon instead of buttons. The sleeves were half-tight to the elbow, falling from thence with easy fulness. A wide pleated ruche of silk was put on just at the elbow, and trimmed on the outer seam with a double bow of ribbon.

When worn as a carriage dress, or for the promenade, the hat which accompanied this suit was worthy of description. It was of rice straw, clear yellow, lined with blue, and having a flared front, inside of which was placed a bandeau of darker blue silk, on which were buttercups and poppies. Loops of blue silk trimmed the outside, while a cluster of poppies and buttercups was placed low down upon the rim, just at the back. A long scarf of straw colored grenadine floated from beneath the rim, and was twined about the throat, and caught on the breast by a cluster of similar flowers to those worn in the hat.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A queer fancy in driving-gloves for ladies is to have the head of a horse or dog stamped upon the back of the deep gauntlet cuffs.

Small grenadine handkerchiefs for the neck have beaded lace around them, matching in tint the handkerchief, or else a row of chenille fringe.

Some of the new brocades for dinner and evening wear have for design a gracefully curled ostrich feather in a tint just a shade deeper than the ground tint of the dress.

Scarlet, and the different shades of crimson, no longer have pre-eminence. Blue is preferred.

There is a desire evinced by the shoemakers abroad to bring into style again the gaiter boots laced at the side.

Small cuirass basques, without sleeves, of black and brown cashmere, will be worn this autumn.

Scarfs of gray and violet tinted crepe lisse are much worn by watering place belles in the evening.

Parasols for driving are lined with pink or white, and heavily fringed.

The newest fans are of white or black silk, with a row of peacock's feathers—the "eye" part of the feather—at the top. They are very stylish.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss M. A. L.—Wear your hair in one long plait, since it is so long and thick, in the morning. Tie with dark green or black ribbon. In the evening and for dinner, wear a low Grecian knot at the back, braided, not twisted; and wave or crepe your front hair. Some persons wear two long curls at the back, but for the most part this season there is but little preference given to flowing locks.

KATIE JACOBS.—A heavy white faille silk, that is, a silk with fine close reps not so large as the cord of gros grain. Have it made with a long train and basque. Have an overskirt of tulle, puffed—that is, if you are willing to incur the expense; if not, make a deep apron overskirt, and trim with a shirring of tulle. Have your veil of tulle, long and simply hemmed. Wear a ruche of crepe lisse in your neck and sleeves. Very happy to give you all information you desire; write to us again. NIXON.

"AW, DELICIOUS!—POSITIVELY DELICIOUS!"

SUMMER RESORT ITEMS.

THE temperance hotel at Seabright did well this season, and the young fellows who "felt badly after bathing" had to go over to the Highlands for their comfort.

SILVER SPRING is the clam-eating paradise of the Westerly and Providence people, and the native Rhode Island belles at Watch Hill are annoyed at the preference.

THE ride from Glen's Falls to Caldwell is one of the pleasantest in the Lake George route. The landscape is fresh, and doesn't wear the jaded, dirty look that it has about Saratoga.

NANTUCKET has had an unusually prosperous season the present summer. The Ocean House has entertained a third more visitors than ever before, and has been compelled to occupy cottage room for several weeks.

THE Grand Union, Saratoga, has probably been the most successful of all the hotels at the American Baden-Baden this season. It is an admirably-conducted establishment in every department, everything going on as methodically as clock-work under Col. Breslin's administration.

THE sensation at Watch Hill this season was a remarkable lady swimmer, Miss Maria R. Audubon, granddaughter of the great naturalist, who was taught to swim by her father almost before she could walk, and who now ventures out to sea far beyond the most adventurous man in the place.

THEY have had the most magnificent weather imaginable in the Catskill region of late, and hundreds upon hundreds of people at the grand old Catskill Mountain House have been enjoying it. The sunrises have been grand, they could not have been better if made to order, and the moonlight lovely beyond description.

DURING the spring of the Centennial year the Brevoort House, in New York, will probably be unable to accommodate its usual number of transient guests, for many of the best rooms have been engaged by large parties of distinguished Europeans who are coming over to see the Philadelphia show. It is possible the house will be enlarged in time.

MANY of the pleasure-seekers and invalids in the Adirondack Mountains and at the Northern springs are beginning to face towards Florida already. The first cool airs of autumn strike these people of weak lungs and impaired throats and of generally feeble physique with apprehension. They begin to sigh again for the high lands of Nikea, the pines and amiable society of Jacksonville, the ruins and vines of St. Augustine, the balmy nook of Greencove Springs, and the perfectly dry undulations of the lands of Tallahassee. At Jacksonville are the St. James and Grand National Hotels, accommodating 1,000 persons. The Metropolitan will take 200 more. Jacksonville has 20,000 people in winter, resident and visiting. The hotels charge four dollars a day, and less by the month. At Greencove Springs is the Clarendon Hotel, taking 250 persons. This is thirty-five miles from Jacksonville and twenty-five from St. Augustine. Here there is a fine, clear sulphur spring. The Union Hotel is also at Greencove Springs. Both are being enlarged, and also all the large houses of Florida, as there was an insufficiency of hotel accommodation in Florida last year. One mile distant is the Magnolia Hotel, which accommodates 300 people. Five steamers pass daily up and down the river; fare, Jacksonville to Pilatka, two dollars; to Enterprise, five dollars. At Pilatka is the Putnam House, close to Nast's orange grove, the finest in the State. It will accommodate 400 guests. At St. Augustine are the St. Augustine Hotel, with accommodations for 500 people, and being increased this year to hold 750; the Florida House, and the Magnolia House. At Tallahassee is one large hotel. Winter rates are uniformly, for transient guests, four dollars a day. There are hundreds of boarding-houses which charge fifteen dollars a week or thereabout. Fish are sought in the Manatanzas and Indian rivers, and lakes Monroe, Harney and George. The fish are black bass, drum, sheepshead, devilfish and catfish. The game are deer, bears, wild turkeys, woodcock, pheasants and all sorts of smaller game. A Florida winter will cost $500 or less, lived in first-class style, for each visitor.

ROWING.

"Through the waters, through the waters,
ah! be this the joy for me.
Upon the flowing river or the broad and dashing sea:
Of all that wealth could offer me, the choicest boon I'd crave,
Would be a hold and sturdy bark upon the open wave."
—ELIZA COOK.

"Aw, delicious—positively delicious!" we fancy we hear Fitzjames Languid, Esq., exclaiming, as he sits at the stern of the boat, with extensive sunshade over his head, to prevent the rays of the sun spoiling his delicate features. Were he to take the place of one of those active young athletes, we should imagine "the poor fellah" would faint. Not so cousins Tom and Harry. What care they for the heat of the sun. With coat and waistcoat off, loose white flannel trousers, faultlessly made shirt, and easy, *negligé* tie, they think it "awfully jolly" to row the "darling girls" about on the smooth and silvery river. They would be equally jolly, too, were they similarly engaged upon the dancing waters of the sea off Long Branch, Cape May, Atlantic City, or other favorite watering-place.

And the young ladies. Do they not enjoy "gliding gracefully over the tide?" We have only to look into the countenances of the two in the centre of the boat to be perfectly satisfied upon that point. And "what could be nicer" than to have a refreshing glass of something cool poured out for you by one of the loveliest girls imaginable? Gallant Harry will call that sparkling draught "nectar divine!" coming from such delicate little hands. From the eagerness with which Harry steps forward to clutch the glass, we can fancy he is saying, "All right, Tom—pull away, dear boy—your turn next." Tom looks up curious, and hopes the turn may soon come.

But, while they are enjoying the pleasures of a row on the river, let us see if we cannot give some little instruction to young ladies in rowing, and the management of a boat, that may be useful. We shall not attempt to teach them the art of rowing, as ladies row under far different conditions and circumstances than do their manly brothers. Young ladies do not enter "outriggers" to contend in a four, six, or eight-oared race, like the the Yale and Harvard. Yet who take greater interest in that great, friendly champion race than do the ladies? Where find greater beauty, animation, and lovelier dresses of light and dark blues, than on the banks of Saratoga Lake on the great rowing day?

Considering, then, the interest they take in rowing matters, and how delighted they are in "taking a spell at the oar," we will describe the various kinds of boats used on rivers and on the seacoast, and the technicalities of their component parts.

The boats in use on rivers are outriggers, gigs, wherries, skiffs, shallops, four-oars, six-oars, eight-oars, and punts. The outriggers are the long, low, racing boats, so called from having an iron frame or "outrigger" on each side to carry the "rowlock"—that is, the rest for the oar, which keeps it in position. The gig is a broader and higher boat, having a straight "gunwale, a "stern" nearly upright, and a "transom" or flat piece to the stern.

But before we proceed to a further description of the boats, we may here give the technical terms by which the different parts of the boats are known. Every lady, of course, must be well up in the nautical terms and phrases, or she would never understand Cousin Harry's "Here, Kate, just loose the painter, step over the thwarts and take a turn at the yoke-lines."

The forepart of the boat is called the bows, the after-part, the stern, and the other, or centre parts, the midships. The holes or sockets in the side of the boat, in which the oars rest, are called rowlocks, and consist of the thole, against which the oar is pulled; and the stopper or after thole, forming the other side of the rowlock. The seats in the boats are termed thwarts, a contraction of "athwart" or "across;" the rim round the top of the boat, the gunwale; the rope to which the head of the boat is moored to the shore, the painter; and the ropes by which the rudder is steered, yoke-lines. With these explanations, Kate will now thoroughly understand what Cousin Harry wished her to do, namely, to detach the rope which kept the head of the boat secure to the shore-post or its moorings, step across the seats, and take charge of the ropes, in order to guide the rudder.

Now, we would ask any young lady in which way she would rather receive her instructions as to what she was required to carry out; in the short nautical terms of Cousin Harry, or in the roundabout, common-place language of our explanation? Decidedly she would say Cousin Harry's was the best mode of addressing her; and, as we hold Kate's opinion, it is, as we previously observed, highly essential that young ladies fond of aquatics should be well up in nautical terms.

There are now but few other technicalities which a young lady would require to know in rowing, relative to the boat and its fittings, still it will not be out of place to mention them all. Throughout the external centre of the boat runs a long piece of wood, guarded by a plate of iron. This is called the keel, and the point where it terminates at the head or bows of the boat is termed the stem. Therefore, in nautical phraseology, in steering, if Harry wished Kate to keep the head of the boat direct to the old willow tree, he would simply say "keep her stem 'dead on' to the willow." This is done by means of the rudder, a flat piece of wood with extended blade, swinging from and attached to the stern-post, which is the upright piece of wood rising from the keel at the extreme end of the boat opposite the stem. Now, had our languid friend with the whiskers, eyeglass, and sunshade, had the honor of disposing those "deah cweachaws," as he would style them, in the boat, he would doubtlessly have said "Aw, ladies—aw—place yourself in the—aw—seats at the—aw—after-part of the—aw—boat, in front of the—aw—what's o'-names of the—aw—wuddah." Tom or Harry would have simply said, "Now, girls, jump into the stern-sheets," which is far more expressive, though, in meaning, strictly identical; the planking on which the feet rests on the "stern" being the stern-sheets, and those at the "bows" the bow-sheets. To return again to the groundwork of the boat, rising from the keel are a certain number of planks overlapping each other; these are called strakes. The ribs binding them together, which run down the sides of the interior of the boat, are termed lands; and against these in their centre at the bottom, are fixed pieces of shelving wood leaning towards the "stern," called stretchers, giving rest to the feet in rowing, and power to the stroke—that is, the pull of the oar. And here we may observe that the oar is not always so called. In "rowing," it is correct to call them oars; but in "sculling," where the one individual pulls two oars they are termed sculls. These oars or sculls are divided (by name) into four parts. 1st, the handle, which is grasped by the hand; 2nd, the loom, which rests in the "rowlocks;" 3rd, the shank, which is the round part of the oar running to the 4th part—the blade—the flat part of the oar, which meets the water. The right hand side of the boat is the port or starboard; the left side the larboard; and the oars on each side are the stroke, or larboard; or the bows, or starboard; bringing the blade of the oar out of the water is feathering; and lifting the oar from the rowlock, is to ship it.

The above are the principal technicalities of the boat and its appendages; that is, as regards the gig, skiff, shallop, and wherry, the boats mostly used by ladies and pleasure parties. These are of various lengths and widths, and are made to accommodate from four to eight or ten persons. A funny is a long sculling boat, sharp at both ends; and a punt is a strong, flat-bottomed boat, used for fishing.

ENTERING THE BOAT.—Young ladies, in entering a boat, should be careful not to step upon its edge, more particularly if they are at all timid. Many an accident has occurred from this cause while stepping from a bank. The least depression of the boat on the side they are getting in, causes them to utter a little frightened cry, and they attempt to recover their positions; failing this, their nervousness or weight may send the boat a few feet into the stream, and the young lady gets an awkward ducking by falling between the bank and the boat. Ladies should step resolutely on to the centre of one of the thwarts, then step on the centre of the floor-boards, and take their seats coolly.

STEERING.—Before a young lady commences to learn to row, she should first get a little used to steering. By this means she will get acquainted with the locality in which she is practising—the bends of the stream, islands, landing-places, etc. She will also have an opportunity of observing the rowers in front of her, and by watching their styles, she will learn more in one hour than in days of reading "The Whole Art of Rowing." She sits with her back to the rudder. The yoke-lines, attached to the cross-piece at the top of the rudder, are passed under her arms. Each line should be secured by one twist round the hand, and the ends held between the fingers, to prevent them from slipping. The yoke-lines should always be held tight and straight, and never allowed to slacken. In starting, the first duty is to get the rudder perfectly straight with the keel of the boat. All movements after this should be steadily performed, without the least jerking. Both arms should move backwards and forwards simultaneously, keeping the lines always at their tension. If you are desirous to turn the head of the boat to the right, pull the right-hand yoke-line; if to the left, the left line. As soon as you have effected this, get your lines straight and even again. To steer well, fix your eye on some distant point or object, and then keep the bow of the boat "dead on" to the same.

ROWING AND SCULLING.—The only difference between rowing and sculling is simply the handling of one or two oars. When a lady first commences to row, she takes one oar, and uses both hands in the operation called "rowing." When she is used to the one, and can manage it pretty deftly, she will then take a pair of sculls; the art will then be "sculling." In the first case, the propellers are called "oars;" and, in the second case, "sculls." These are, of course, of length and lightness suitable to the class of boats previously enumerated.

ROWING.—Plant the feet firmly and flat upon the "stretcher" at the bottom of the boat, which should be adjusted to the proper length suitable to the rower. Having noted the rowers, and where they grasped their oars or sculls while she was steering, she will not be required to be told here her action in this respect. She will sit perfectly upright, the head bent a little forward, and the shoulders square. She will then bend forward as far as she can reach, still keeping straight, with the shoulders a little elevated now. In recovering her position, or pulling home, the shoulders are lowered again as far as possible, and the chest fully expanded.

TURNING.—Considerable art is required in turning a boat skilfully and gracefully; and young ladies, who aim at becoming proficient in sculling, should pay particular attention to it. In trying to "get round" for the first time, she would find that both hands have a tendency to go the same way. Practice alone will overcome this. What she has to do is to back water with one scull, and pull with the other, until the boat is completely round, or the bow in the direction required. As soon as the boat is round, pull both sculls again, giving a little more pressure to the one that has been backing water.

A THRILLING SCENE.

An incident occurred on a recent trip (says a correspondent) over the Union Pacific Railroad, that may be of interest to our readers. We were rolling along between Salt Lake and Omaha when I made my way into the smoking car to enjoy a cigar. I noticed a group gathered in the centre of the car, and crowding my way up, saw two men gambling. One was a well-dressed man, but bearing the general appearance of a blackleg; the other was a veritable miner, just as he came from the mountains, with long, grizzled beard, rough, coarse, and dirty clothes, but with lots of gold. The play was for quite large stakes, and I heard whispers that the gambler was about to fleece the miner, and much sympathy was manifested for him.

The game—draw-poker—still went on, with hardly a word spoken by the players; till finally, when a large sum was on the board, the gambler, being called to show his hand, threw down three aces and two queens, and reached for the money; the miner stretched over and held his hand, and laid down two aces, showing, of course, five aces in the pack. He then reached back, and drew a large navy revolver, cocked it, placed the muzzle directly between the eyes of the gambler, still holding his hand. Not a word was spoken, but each looked steadily into the eyes of the other. Soon the hand began quietly to move from the money, the form of the gambler to draw back, and still the revolver followed. He stepped into the aisle, and here the scene became so uninteresting to me and several others that we dropped under the seats. The gambler slowly backed towards the door, with the revolver following till the door was reached, and he passed out. The miner coolly let down the hammer of his revolver, replaced it in his pocket, swept the money from the board into his pouch, quietly lighted his pipe, and settled back in his seat as if nothing had happened. The strangest part of the whole business was that not a word was spoken from the time the gambler laid his three aces on the board till the time he passed out of the car door. I took a seat near the miner afterwards, and chatted with him about his experiences in the mountains, and he seemed pleasant and intelligent. We did not refer to his little episode with the blackleg. I have never witnessed such a thrilling scene, or one in which such extreme coolness was manifested by the miner, and, for that matter, by the gambler.

THE HAUNTS OF THE SEAL.

"On deck, man, on deck, and see the seals!" The scene was peculiarly Greenlandish. The sun had all the bright blue sky to himself—not the great dazzling orb that you are accustomed to in warmer countries, but a shining disc of molten silver hue that you can look into and count the spots with naked eye. About a quarter of a mile to windward was the main ice pack, along the edge of which we were sailing under a gentle topsail breeze. Between and around us lay the sea, as black as a basin of ink; but everywhere about, as far as the eye could see from the quarterdeck, the surface of the water was covered with large, beautiful heads, with brilliant, earnest eyes, and noses all turned in one direction—that in which our vessel was steering. We were now in the latitude of Jan Mayen; the mountain cone of that strange island we could distinctly see, raised like an immense, shiny sugar-loaf against the sky's blue. To this lone spot come every year, through storm and tempest, in vessels but little bigger or better than herring boats, hardy Norsemen, to hunt the walrus for its skin and ivory, but by other human feet it is never trodden. It is the throne of King Winter, and the abode of desolation, save for the great bear that finds shelter in its icy caves, or the monster seals and strange sea birds that rest on its snow-clad rocks. At this latitude the sealer endeavors to fall in with the seals, coming in their thousands from the more rigorous north, and seeking the southern ice, on which to bring forth their young. They here find a climate which is slightly more mild, and never fail to choose ice which is low and flat, and usually protected from the southeast swell by a barrier of larger bergs. The breeding takes place as soon as the seals take the ice, the males in the meantime removing in a body to some distant spot, where they remain for three weeks or so, looking very foolish—just, in truth, as human gentlemen would under like circumstances—until joined by the ladies. The seal mothers are exceedingly fond of their young. At other times timid in the extreme, they will at this season attack men with all the ferocity of bears. The food of the seals in nursing season consists of the small shrimps with which the sea is sometimes stained for miles, and also, no doubt, of the numerous small fishes to be found burrowing, like bees in a honeycomb, on the under surface of the pieces of ice.

WHEREVER there seems to be provision for trials, and afflictions, and grief, and tears, opposite to it is, at the same time, more abundant provision for things for relief, and rescue, and satisfaction.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—My Cousin Charlie. Weary of Life. A Woman's Revenge. In the Night. Domestic Bliss. My Unknown Lover.

L. M. THORNTON.—To make sea water fit for washing linens, etc., all you have to do is to put soda into the water; and the lime and magnesia that form part of sea water at once fall to the bottom. As much soda must be put in as not only to effect a complete precipitation of these earths, but to render the sea water sufficiently alkaline.

C. C. L., (Ohio).—In this country the word "corn" is applied only to Indian Corn, but in Europe it means all kinds of grain, and is generally applied to the prevalent species of food-grain in the country. Thus in Scotland it means oats, whilst in England it means wheat, but wheat, rye, barley, oats and rice are all classed under the head of corn.

CAPE MAY.—Place your shells for a few minutes in a liquor made of one part of muriatic acid to ten parts of water, then rinse and dry them. Good glue not too thick will make them adhere to almost anything. To make them glossy, brush them over with a little spirit-varnish. Next week you will see in our columns a few directions for making some pretty ornaments in shell-work.

LADY BELL.—Yes, telegraphing is a very suitable occupation for a young lady. 2. If a first-class operator, she would not have much difficulty, we should imagine, in getting a situation. 3. The amount of wages she would receive vary so considerably, all the way from $20 to $150 per month, that it is impossible for us to name even an average sum. 4. She would have to abide by the rules of the office, both as to hours of attendance, vacation, etc.

BONDS.—"What advantage have United States bonds with coupons over bonds without coupons?" A coupon bond passes from hand to hand, like a bank note, without special transfer, while registered bonds are issued directly to the holder, and have to be transferred on the books of the Government, State, municipality or company issuing them. The loss of a coupon bond is as fatal as the loss of a bank note; the loss of a registered bond may be replaced. Your other question we shall answer next week.

DORA is very unhappy, and we don't wonder at it, for she is being courted in a most aggravating and stupid manner. The gentleman sends all his love speeches to her through the medium of another lady—a most unnatural thing. She never replies to them, and is now losing all hope, as he seems just as dimpelined as ever to do his own wooing, as he ought. She cannot understand such love—no more than we. It is like "the rule of three which vexes me," and indeed we never saw the meaning of that rule of three vexation so clearly before.

C. M. P.—We must confess we are astonished at your asking us such a very silly question as to whether there is any impropriety in your walking out and receiving attentions from one gentleman, while you are "all but engaged" to and corresponding with another. How would you like to know that the absent gentleman with whom you are keeping up such a tender correspondence and to whom you are "all but engaged," (whatever that means,) is all the while paying attentions to some other young lady, and beaming her about? Would you not think that there would be some "impropriety" in his doing so, and would you not feel inclined to give him a piece of your mind on the subject as soon as you knew of it?

FLOYD.—A great deal of discomfort arises from over sensitiveness about what people may say of you or your actions. This requires to be blunted. Consider whether anything you do will have much connection with what they will say. And, besides, it may be doubted whether they will say anything at all about you. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre with the assembled world as spectators; whereas all the while they are playing to empty seats. They fancy, too, they form the particular theme of every passer-by. If, however, they must listen to imaginary conversations about themselves, they might, at any rate, defy the proverb, and insist upon hearing themselves well spoken of.

VERO.—We fully realize your position, and would be glad to help you by any advice that would be of benefit to you, were it in our power. We would urge upon you to try everything and exhaust every other resource, before you make up your mind to adopt either of the two courses you are thinking of, viz., going to sea or enlisting in the U. S. army. Of course at your age, and if you are physically able to pass any examination that may be required, you can do so if you feel so inclined, but were we in your place, it would only be as a very last resource, and if everything else failed. There is not much difference that we know of between the two countries that you speak of. There are recruiting offices in most of the large cities, but it would be quite impossible for us to tell you where they would be "apt to send you if you were to enlist."

MISS MAY.—"I am a lady of 19 years. I am engaged to a gentleman of 21 years. Before our engagement I was keeping company with a young man whom I liked very much, but we were separated by some mistake and through pique I accepted the former man. But lately the latter young man has found out his mistake and has proposed to me. Now shall I accept him and break our engagement, or shall I remain true to my betrothed? Which would be right? Answer and oblige yours in trouble." Our advice to you is to make a candid confession to the gentleman to whom you are engaged and if he releases you, (which he will in all probability do,) then you may accept the proposal of your former lover. But to accept the latter and summarily break off the engagement would be decidedly wrong. You must accept the mortification and pain of having to make such a confession, as a merited punishment for having engaged yourself to one gentleman through pique and when you knew that your affections were bestowed upon another.

D. K., (Newark).—St. Crispin was born at Rome, and was descended from a noble Roman family. About the middle of the Third Century, under the reign of Diocletian, he, along with his brother Crispianus fled from Rome into Gaul, where he worked as a shoemaker in order to obtain a livelihood in the town now called Soissons. At the same time he labored zealously to propagate the Christian religion, and was distinguished for his exertions for the spread of Christianity. According to the legend, his benevolence was so great that he even stole leather to make shoes for the poor. From this, charities done at the expense of others are sometimes called *Crispinades*. The governor of the town, at last, discovering the real purpose of his staying there, in the year 287, he and his brother were both imprisoned and suffered a cruel martyrdom. He was afterwards canonized by his followers, and became the guardian saint of shoemakers. The 25th of October is what is called St. Crispin's Day, being the day on which it is said he was killed.

R. A. H.—"I am a young man, thinking about getting married, but before I do so, I want to be quite sure that I would be justified in taking such a step upon my present income, which is twelve hundred dollars a year. What do you think?" This question of the amount of income necessary to marriage is one that cannot be decided arbitrarily, as the amount necessary depends entirely upon who the contracting parties are. What is their position in life, how they were brought up, what their dispositions are, tastes are, what they expect, the circles they desire to move in, and the sacrifices they are willing to make for the sake of marriage, if any sacrifices are required. If you are willing to confine yourself to the kind of life that your income will support for the sake of the woman whom you have chosen, and if she consents to share such a life with you, then you will find that your present income will procure for you all the necessaries of life, and even some of the luxuries. You must, therefore, between you, judge as to the wisdom of your marrying upon the income you say is yours, as no arbitrary rule that covers the case of any other couple would suit yours. But when once you resolve to take your chances upon your present income, and to live as that income enables you, and to be content to give up all else for each other, then you will be sure to find in such marriage much pure happiness.

MISCELLANEOUS.—MAURICE GRANGER.—There is no bureau of the kind that we ever heard of. 2. No particular age, but she ought to be old enough to go about alone. 3. It is not absolutely necessary, but it would be better, certainly. JOHN PARKER.—Please write again, specifying distinctly what you want, and also give your address in full. CHARLES W.—Knowing the circumstances, no clergyman would marry the parties as the marriage would not be legal. KITTY.—Mr. Wright has not yet made his appearance. Wait and watch. AGNES.—You should avoid all further association with him if you have any good reason for doubting his sincerity. A. B. Z.—Amiability is preferable to beauty; the one is lasting, the other perishable. W. R. F.—A friend who takes offense at such a trifle as you describe is better lost than preserved; and such a lover would be a dangerous one to keep. D. W.—We know of no reward being offered for any such discovery. R. A. W.—The name of the discoverer is not known. 2. We do not understand your other question. S. M. B., (Erie, Pa.)—"Bancroft's History of the United States" would give you the fullest information. You ought to be able to get it in any library. F. G.—It is utterly impossible for you to become thoroughly acquainted with the stage business without the aid of some one to whom it is quite familiar.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*